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"I AM ANTI-WHISKERS," says Italy's Duce. "Fascism is anti-whiskers. Whiskers are a sign of decadence." Whether or not this is a fact, it is certainly true that whiskers cover defects in the physiognomy that might otherwise rise to damn their owner. But Signor Mussolini scorns subterfuges like these; in a burst of confidence he confided to the United Press the secrets of his toilet, and the opinion on whiskers quoted above heads the list. This modern Napoleon sleeps exactly seven hours, from midnight on; he arises the instant he is called—or maybe he doesn't need to be called; he takes a few simple daily dozens before the open window—thereby proving his superiority to the majority of his countrymen; his bath is not cold but tepid; he massages himself. And then his shave! There is a whole poem on that subject.

> My shave comes before I put on my collar. I have become rather skilful in the use of an American safety razor . . . though my beard is thick and stiff. . . . I have to use a new blade every time I shave, for there are no blades made that can stand more than one shave on my beard. And I must shave every day.

Lion-hearted, leather-skinned, dauntless, resolute, firm in resisting the comfort of his warm bed—no wonder this man holds Italy in the palm of his hand. He is the Babbitt of the Mediterranean. Work is his gospel; no more all-night jazz in Italian cabarets, no more drinking to excess; only three holidays in 1927. How long will the sloping hillsides of Italy, bathed in abundant sun, hung with grape and olive, warm, volatile, light-hearted, endure this philosophy?

WE HEARTILY CONGRATULATE THE PRESIDENT upon his defeat of the pestiferous House big-navy bloc. Although he vacillated, he finally stood firm, and the effort to appropriate $450,000 in addition to the budget for beginning work on the three cruisers authorized in 1924 was soundly defeated by 183 to 161. This is a gratifying outcome. It is now incumbent upon the President to take the lead in a further move for reduction of the five navies left in the world, by limiting the number of cruisers and abolishing submarines and the use of airplanes in naval warfare. American public opinion will stand squarely behind him on this. Indeed, the defeat of the militarists in the House is the clearest proof that Congress as a whole does not feel that the American people are shaking in their shoes because some "experts" say we are falling behind in the 5-5-3 ratio of the Washington Conference. Admirable was the support given in this fight to Mr. Coolidge by fifty religious and educational leaders who declared that if we were losing in the ratio the remedy was not more ships but another disarmament congress. The more-ship policy, they truly said, could only "create among the nations of the world the mood of suspicion, uneasiness, and fear which gradually breeds the fatalistic thought that wars are inevitable." Among the signers were Henry Sloane Coffin, Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, Samuel A. Eliot, Roger W. Babson, Dr. W. P. Merrill, and President Mary E. Woolley.

THE PRESIDENT'S LATEST APPOINTEE to the Interstate Commerce Commission seems destined to fail of confirmation before the Senate. Indeed there is a question at this writing whether the President will not be asked by Republican leaders to withdraw the nomination. Mr. Cyrus E. Woods made an excellent record as ambassador to Spain and to Japan. It has appeared from his examination, however, that he has fully a quarter of a million dollars invested in railroad securities (which he has offered to sell if confirmed), that he has long been connected with the Pittsburgh Coal Company, which has a deep interest in a rehearing now asked of the commission. Mr. Woods has promised not to sit in this case if he is confirmed, but the question remains whether one who has long been connected with a coal company, as he has been, should be put in a position where sooner or later he must pass upon relations of coal companies to the railroads and to the public. More than that, Mr. Woods denied that he had contributed to the recent Pennsylvania primary campaign, only to have it come out that he had given $5,000; he had forgotten this. He also insisted that he was not the dictator of that primary campaign with its orgy of spending, and did not know of the corruption which should result in the non-seating of Senator-elect Vare. Others declare he was the boss of that campaign. But the worst feature of all is that Mr. Woods

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was originally chosen by the President because Senator Reed last year forced a promise from Mr. Coolidge that a Pennsylvanian should be appointed to the next vacancy. If the principle of sectionalism is to control appointments to this commission, it is bound to wreck that body in the long run.

GOVERNOR SMITH'S ANNUAL MESSAGE contains nothing new or startling, but it is another excellent business statement of a remarkable administrator. In it he reiterates his position on the State's water-power undeterred by the cries of socialism with which his recent outlining of his position at the dinner of the Survey Associates has been greeted. He insists again that "the State must itself retain ownership and control of water-power at its source, if the people, and not private interests, are to be the real beneficiaries by its development," and repeats his demand for a new Water Power Authority which will be no more radical or novel a proposition than the "Port Authorities" which are developing the harbors of New York and Albany with complete popular approval. "To attempt to protect the consumer only through the regulatory power of the State," the Governor adds, "is to hold out to him a promise which we know cannot be fulfilled. . . . Public-utility regulation by public-service commissions or interstate commerce commissions involves long-drawn-out battles in which experts disagree over capital accounts. The place to protect the consumer is at the bus bar, where we make the contract for the sale of the power." This fearless frankness in defense of popular rights, together with his consummate mastery of the State's business, is largely responsible for the confidence of all classes of New Yorkers in their Governor.

LYNCHINGS FOR 1926 almost doubled those of 1925—34 and 18 are the official figures given out by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The association traces this disheartening increase in mob violence to the defeat of the federal anti-lynching bill; until punishment for lynching is taken out of the hands of irresponsible local authorities we seem doomed to suffer the humiliation of being the only country in the world in which the account of a mob murder is hardly news. At the same time there are bright spots in the process of adjusting race differences: for example, there were 33 cases last year of officers of the law who prevented lynching, and 29 of them were in the South. These instances further discredit the myth of the sheriff who is "overpowered" by the mob. Again, in Natitoches, Louisiana, even white public sentiment is being aroused against a statue which was recently erected to "do honor" to the Negro; it is inscribed, "The Good Darky of Louisiana. Erected by the City of Natitoches, in grateful recognition of the arduous and faithful service of the good darkies of Louisiana." The figure is of a typical "Uncle Tom," the bent, shuffling, subservient old Negro who was so dear to the heart of the old South. South and North a change is coming—a Southern white lady was recently fined $50 in a Chicago court for calling a Pullman porter a "Nigger."

NOT IN OUR MEMORY has a college executive, not even President Lowell of Harvard, spoken out as bravely, as vigorously, as unqualifiedly on the right of a college teacher to his opinions and his conscience as has Glenn Frank, head of the University of Wisconsin. Here is what happened: Governor J. J. Blaine, United States Senator-elect, recently attacked as a "hodge-podge of lies, half-truths, and misrepresentation" the tax catechism issued by Professor H. MacGregor of the university. President Frank interpreted this action of the Governor as giving Professor MacGregor a choice of two courses—retraction or resignation—and in addition felt that the Governor implied that "the duty of the president of the university was positive." Accepting that challenge and interpretation, Mr. Frank stated to the press: "As long as I am president of the university complete and unqualified academic freedom will not only be accorded to members of faculties but will be vigorously defended, regardless of the pressure, the power, or the prestige that may accompany any challenge of this inalienable right of scholarship." We believe that every self-respecting teacher the country over will call President Frank blessed for that.

FRENCH SENATORIAL ELECTIONS always lag behind popular sentiment, for the senators are elected by mayors and local councilors who have been chosen at previous ballotings. In a sense the recent vote for a third of the Senate registered the same shift to the Left as marked the elections to the Chamber in 1924. For the first time Communists won seats in the upper chamber; the Socialists increased their representation; and several famous Conservatives dropped out of the political scene—among them Poincaré's friend, De Selves; former President Millerand; Clemenceau's lieutenant, Klotz; and, apparently, M. Dariac, author of a famous project to annex the Rhineland. The shift to the Left is a blow to M. Poincaré's prestige, but it will not threaten his control of the Senate, and his success in stabilizing the franc probably leaves him politically secure for the present.

BY THE RESIGNATION of Theodor Wolff, the editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the German Democratic Party has lost its founder. A stronger blow could not be aimed at it by a single individual, but the party has swung so far from its original ideas and purposes that Herr Wolff's retirement need surprise no one. The immediate cause was his party's adherence to the amazing censorship laws recently passed by the Reichstag. No liberal Democratic Party could consent to such a handcuffing of press and theater and of the independent writer and contend that it was in any degree consistent with its announced purposes. Yet the Democratic Party made this blunder, emphasizing again the compromising character which it has assumed for several years. The pity of this is great. Theodor Wolff deserves an honorable place in the history of his time because throughout the war he refused to accept the doctrines of the reactionary government or the belief that the mass of Germans were similarly reactionary in purpose and in ideals, and because he insisted that a stronger and more courageous opposition could be built up against the madness of the rulers of Germany among the bourgeois liberals than in the camp of the socialists. It looked as if he had forged a most useful weapon in the Democratic Party, and now he has been compelled to turn upon it and, perhaps, to destroy his own creation.

A FORMER SAILOR in the American navy gives some probably hitherto unrecorded history of our attack upon Vera Cruz in 1916 in a letter printed in Heywood

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Broun's column in the New York *World*. The correspondent writes in amiable protest against the praise and publicity accorded to the Marine Corps when, in his opinion, it is more deserved by the bluejackets. On shipboard, the writer says, the marines handle the three-inch and five-inch guns, whereas

> The gobs man the twelve, fourteen, and sixteen-inch play toys. Ask the lads with the flat hats who it was that took the head off the statue of the Liberator of Mexico in the public square in Vera Cruz. A marine? Marine, me eye! It was a gob. Yep, on the scout cruiser Chester, and I think his name was Casey.

Somehow this apparently veracious anecdote of the wanton destruction of an artistic and historic monument by American forces has never been stressed in the official publicity from Washington. Perhaps it is because we were so busy at the time denouncing the destruction of artistic and historic monuments by the German army in Belgium. Of course that was different. Germany was at war, and so her acts were war atrocities. But we bombarded Vera Cruz without anything so ungentlemanly as a declaration of war, and so could not commit war atrocities. The writer in the *World* may be confused. Perhaps the shot was a salute and the head of the Liberator, bowing low with typical Latin courtesy, lost its balance and rolled upon the pavement.

FROM THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS has come a pamphlet describing some notable possessions of the Library and giving examples of others which it still needs. One of Mr. Herbert Putnam's notable achievements is his widening of the conception of this library. It is no longer merely the Library of Congress; it is the library of the nation, the repository of innumerable books and documents essential to the record and history of our government. Mr. Putnam has gone even beyond that. He and his associates have made possible the pecuniary endowment of the library by private individuals and have brought about the creation of "a Library of Congress Trust Fund Board" which is now prepared to receive and administer sums willed or given to it. Of this latter development the most notable act was the creation of the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation and Chamber Music Auditorium, a gift of more than $500,000, in addition to her collection of holograph music and her correspondence with many musicians—records which are beyond price. Mr. Putnam calls attention to the fact that only a few remarkable collections of musical source material are still obtainable abroad. He hopes that private generosity may acquire one or more of these for the library, which cannot hope for sufficient money from the government to purchase them. In the fields of literature and history, and Americana of all kinds, the needs of the library remain great.

EARS, THIS TIME, not hands across the sea. Wireless telephony across the Atlantic is a forecast no longer, but an accomplished fact. All honor to the men whose scientific skill, integrity, and devotion have made it possible. They will, we fear, not receive the individual recognition which is their due—partly because every such development nowadays is less the work of an individual than of a great laboratory containing, as in the case of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, a thousand trained workers. This generation is so accustomed to scientific marvels as to take new ones with a calmness impossible in their fathers who witnessed the coming of the first electric lamp, the first trolley, the first telephone, the first gasoline automobile, the first airplane. The first commercial talks across the Atlantic were hardly inspiring—the usual banalities passed from mayor to mayor and press magnate to press magnate. Yet the profound significance is there. It is only a few years since the prophecy was made by a great expert that in a short time people in New York would be telephoning to the remotest farms in Australia. We are plainly half way to that goal. The truth is that scientific advance is no longer a matter of waiting for the individual genius to appear and to discover. Goals are now definitely set and attained by a host of minds utilizing the unlimited sums that great corporations set aside for experimentation.

"MOTOR VEHICLES IN UNITED STATES: 22,330,000; world registration of motor vehicles: 27,500,000; per cent of world registration in United States: 81." No wonder Europe envies us—one automobile for every five heads in the United States; one for every five hundred in the rest of the world. This country produced nearly four and a half million cars last year—more than ever before—and it exported more than half a million. American motor cars are helping to transform the East: a regular route now connects Bagdad with the Mediterranean, once a perilous month's journey, in a single day; the thirty-two stages of the ancient caravan route from Bagdad to the capital of Persia have been cut to four days; American automobiles shoot in all directions across the vast Gobi Desert in Mongolia; Canton and Calcutta have American bus service. There seems to be no limit to this mushroom child of industry—unless it be the world's supply of oil fuel. Pessimists each year see the market exhausted; it goes on expanding. A few years ago the automobile was a summer vehicle; it is stretching its season. Two years ago barely half the cars made were closed; in 1926 three-quarters were closed. Once the statisticians, calculating the market, figured on one car per family; today 40 per cent of the American cars belong to two-car families. Instalment buying has expanded the market; nearly two-thirds of the cars bought in America last year were sold on that plan. The roads are jammed; accidents increase, although not so fast as the number of cars; drivers are forced to higher and higher speeds. The New York *Times* tells of a Northerner crossing the causeway at Miami at what he thought a good speed. A motorcycle policeman stopped him and asked why he held up the procession. "But I was going thirty-five," said the motorist. "Go sixty!" came the command.

STILL THEY GROW! Incomplete figures of this year's registration show the great universities breaking all records for enrolment. California's two branches have 17,101 full-time students; Columbia, Illinois, and Minnesota also top the 10,000-mark. Including part-time and summer students Columbia has 30,526; California 24,756; New York University 20,504, and the College of the City of New York, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio State, Harvard, Boston, and Northwestern all more than 10,000. Colossal figures! Never in history has a nation shown such a passion for education; never have such multitudes had the opportunity for education. But are we sure that we really know in what education consists? Do the mass universities produce men who think, or just mass minds?

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China's War of Independence

THE tide has turned.

In 1857 Chinese troops seized an opium-smuggling boat that flew the British flag, and the British in retaliation declared war on China. They bombarded and occupied Canton; Lord Elgin, on the steam frigate Furious, accompanied by four other warships, steamed up the forbidden Yangtze River to Hankow, bombarding Nanking and Anking on the way. He selected the ports which he thought would be most convenient for British trade; and in the Treaty of Tientsin in 1858 Hankow was nominally opened to foreign trade. The next year hostilities broke out again. A British and French expeditionary force fought its way to Peking, burning the Summer Palace with all its rich store of art treasures; and a new treaty, confirming the opening of Hankow and legalizing the sale of opium, was forced on China. In 1861 by local agreements the British took from China convenient port locations at Canton, Chinkiang, Kiukiang, Tientsin, Newchang, and Hankow, nominally as perpetual leaseholds, with an annual ground rent of 1,500 *cash* per mow—about $9 per acre—subleases to be made in the name of the British Crown. And that is the origin of the little British principalities in the great cities of China, and of that "British Concession" at Hankow from which the frightened British withdrew, faced by an overwhelming Chinese mob, on January 5, 1927.

The Cantonese government officials, the very men whom the British in China have been denouncing as Reds, have offered their apologies for the violence of the mob and promised to maintain order with their soldiers. On that "Red" army, indeed, the lives of the foreigners depend. Two facts stand out in this crisis: First, the American consulate and the American business firms, flying American flags in Chinese territory close to the British Concession, and the missionaries across the river in Chinese Wuchang went unharmed while mobs raged through the British territory, tearing down the Union Jack and defacing the British war memorial. The American policy of refusing territorial concessions proved itself wise in a stormy time. Second, it was the coolie-mass which swept the British out of Hankow, not Russian-trained soldiers from Canton. The spirit behind that mob is no product of one government's ukases; it is a reaction to a century of foreign domineering; it cannot be stopped; it may be silenced for a moment at one spot or another, but it will sweep on across China. Canton was the storm-center a year ago; Hankow is feeling the earthquake today; Shanghai uneasily sees its turn coming; and Peking and Tientsin may follow Shanghai. The Peking Government, puppet as it is of the Japanese, acts in sympathy with the Nationalist program of the Southerners; a significant dispatch reports that, since the Cantonese spirit has driven the British out of the concessions in Hankow and Kiukiang, Peking feels that unless it can arrange a similar result at Tientsin its prestige is doomed.

Thus far in this crisis the British, bearing the brunt of the Chinese attack, have acted with discretion. On January 3 British marines and armed volunteers guarding the Hankow Concession stood off a surging Chinese mob with the butts of their guns, obeying a London order not to fire. Furthermore, the Cantonese had warned them that if they did fire not a foreigner would be left alive in Hankow. The press dispatches, almost all of British origin (the Associated Press unfortunately depends upon Reuter, a British news agency, for its Chinese news, and the United Press service is inadequate), report that the British soldiers were singularly restrained; the dispatches, however, mention a Chinese demand for apology for the brutality of the marines, while omitting to tell in what the brutality consisted. On January 4 the foreign soldiers were withdrawn, protection being left to the British-trained Chinese police and to an outside cordon of Cantonese troops. The mobs broke through these lines and hoisted the red flag of South China in place of the Union Jack over the British official buildings. The Union Jack Club temporarily became headquarters of a labor union. British women were evacuated; British men were concentrated in the buildings of the Asiatic Petroleum Company. (Meanwhile, American business houses a few blocks away in the old Russian Concession which is now Chinese territory remained open for business.) On January 6, fortunately, it rained; the spirit of the mob was dampened; and order was restored. Regular Cantonese troops took over control of the British Concession, and an agreement was negotiated to return it to the British. At Kiukiang, 130 miles downstream, the British Concession has also fallen into Chinese hands.

China acts volcanically; she may rest long quiescent, but when she breaks out she erupts with force. Observers on the spot are like villagers who live close to a silent volcano; they refuse to believe the warnings of the scientists. The "old China hands" have refused to believe that the new Nationalism in China was more than a passing effervescence, and they and the Powers which trusted their judgment are reaping the harvest of their blindness. Had the Powers acted more liberally at Versailles and at Washington; had they even enforced the gentle treaty revisions of Washington; had they taken bold action when they met in Peking a year ago, the storm might have blown over. They did nothing; the present trouble is the result of their own inaction; and more trouble lies ahead.

Great Britain recently circulated a memorandum highly praised in the West. It did indeed indicate a new wisdom in Downing Street. It proclaimed the futility of military force to maintain a bad treaty; but its concrete proposals for reform simmered down to acquiescence in the higher customs rates which, in violation of the treaties, were already being enforced in two-thirds of the ports of China. That is not enough. It belongs to the same Canute-like school of diplomacy as the Strawn report upon extraterritoriality; it is as ineffective as building a dam of pebbles against an inrushing tide.

Measures which a generation ago, or even a decade ago, were successful are futile today. The Western nations have equipped China with their arms and artillery and taught her to use them. They have taught her something of their own nationalism, and her masses have absorbed the lesson. Her officials may talk in terms of customs autonomy and extraterritoriality, but the masses see things simply. They resent the foreign gunboats and the foreign principalities which dominate their great cities. The vast armadas which we Western nations are concentrating in Chinese waters may hold those cities for a time; in the long

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run they will lose. White domination of the East is doomed; we of this generation are watching another of those great uprisings of humanity which dot the endless struggle toward human freedom. If we are wise we will realize from the start that, like the American War of Independence, the French or the Russian revolution, it will follow no charted course of legalistic treaty regulations.

War or Peace?

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, in his message to Congress justifying his private war in Nicaragua, uses all the assorted excuses which he, his Spokesman, and Mr. Kellogg have used on previous occasions. For the first time, however, he has assembled them, and they must make impressive reading for Latin Americans and Europeans.

Recall, first, what Mr. Coolidge is seeking to excuse. We have landed marines in the capital of the Sacasa Government of Nicaragua, ordered the Sacasa army to disarm or get out, censored its communications, blockaded its ports, ordered business firms in its territory not to pay customs duties or internal taxes to its agents. On the other hand, we have landed troops in the rival capital to protect the rival President, and announced that we will give him every facility to buy munitions in the United States and elsewhere. A score of American warships now watch the Nicaraguan coast; thousands of marines stand on guard; American fliers in American airplanes, in the service of the Nicaraguan Government, patrol the Nicaraguan air. At last Mr. Coolidge admits that it is intervention, and offers his complete assortment of excuses.

First, he insists that his favorite President is the constitutional President. His own account of Don Adolfo Diaz's election is enough to deny his argument. Don Adolfo was elected by a rump and illegal Congress, after Emiliano Chamorro had driven the constitutional government, in which Sacasa was Vice-President, out by force of arms.

Second, Mr. Coolidge suggests that it is his duty to aid Diaz because some Mexicans have aided Sacasa. After the interference of which the United States had already been guilty in Nicaragua; in view of the long record of would-be Mexican revolutions fitted out and equipped in the United States, Mr. Coolidge's moral indignation at Mexican friendship for Nicaraguan revolutionaries is ridiculous. Mexico has the same right to ship arms as we.

Next, Mr. Coolidge says that American investments in Nicaragua need protection. Can he name one estate that has been endangered? Does he intend to enunciate the doctrine that American marines must be landed anywhere in the world where revolution, civil war, or rioting suggests the possibility that maybe, some time, somewhere, somehow, American property may be endangered?

Mr. Coolidge's fourth excuse is the canal. There is no Nicaraguan canal as yet, but ten years ago we bought a right to build a canal. Mr. Coolidge does not say that it has been threatened; it has not been threatened. What has it to do with our intervention?

Fifth, Mr. Coolidge fears that if the revolution continues the Nicaraguan currency will be inflated, thereby menacing American business interests. The logic of his argument would imply that the United States must intervene wherever in the world the stability of a currency is threatened. Soldiers and marines will be busy indeed!

And after this the man has the audacity to conclude: "I am sure that it is not the desire of the United States to intervene in the internal affairs of Nicaragua or of any other Central American republic"! What is his message but the most ferocious doctrine of universal intervention which any statesman has ever propounded? What but a principle of universal war? And what is his intervention but an indirect threat to induce Mexico to yield to the oil magnates?

This is doing us infinite harm wherever men can read from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn. Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg may achieve a distinction which they never meant to acquire—they may become the real founders of a complete Pan-American union of offense and defense against the United States. Already the faint hope of settling Tacna and Arica has faded. The whole world is appalled at our bullying self-righteousness. What may not happen if we continue? Had anyone predicted three years ago that the unorganized masses of China would within three years be sweeping the foreigners into the sea and hauling down the British flag from places where it had flown for sixty-five years he would have been written down a madman. From an American friend in Guatemala we hear that "the prestige of the United States in Central America has never been so low since Roosevelt stole Panama." The worm will turn; when the South American republics realize, as this is teaching them to realize, that they must unite against the Colossus of the North, they, like the Chinese, may realize what a weapon lies in their hands in the economic boycott. Already Mr. Coolidge has done enormous harm to American business in the Southern Hemisphere.

If any spark of decency remains in the Administration it will accept President Calles's offer to arbitrate the difficulties with Mexico, and withdraw the marines from Nicaragua.

The Poet of Georgia

THE fame of Frank Lebby Stanton, author of "Mighty Lak a Rose," dead in his seventieth year at Atlanta, Georgia, is a reminder that poetry for most people is now, as it always has been, a matter of song. It means something that the conventional synonym for "poet" is "singer"—not "philosopher," "psychologist," "critic of life," "prophet," or "craftsman." To the literary layman a poem is a collection of words through which a clear and simple tune makes itself immediately heard. The melody must be as readily apprehended as the sentiment, and the best poem by this definition is the one which can bear the most repetition, the one whose tune and whose teaching can be oftenest laid next to the heart. The spirit of the thing may be martial, as in the case of patriotic pieces, or melancholy, as in the case of many ballads, or merry, as in the case of parodies and convivial lyrics. Or, as oftenest in America during the past hundred years, it may strike into the domestic affections; it may treat of children, the home, the old town by the river, mother, father, and Aunt Mary. In any event the poem will function as an agent reducing us to a simple, almost childlike state of mind and heart. And this will be true even when, as now is the case, sophisticated poetry is almost entirely an affair of the intellect. The poetry about which we write criticism today tends more and

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more to be involved and ingenious; it is based upon an intricate metaphysic, and the moral of its untunefulness is supposed to be that the modern mind, in so far as it takes in the complex modern world, must be incapable of song.

Mr. Stanton, who was declared in 1925 poet laureate of Georgia, was equally removed from the poetry of sophistication and the poetry of jazz. He is to be identified with the sentiments of mid-century America, particularly as they were accentuated in the South. A columnist on the Atlanta *Constitution* and other Georgia papers for forty years, a friend and protege of Joel Chandler Harris, a singer always of wholesome and tender sentiments, he reached an audience almost as wide as the English-speaking world. This was eventually due to the good fortune of several of his poems in being set to music by composers of great popular reputation; Ethelbert Nevin gave currency in unnumbered concert rooms to "Mighty Lak a Rose," and Carrie Jacobs Bond insured the success of "Just A-Wearyin' for You." One of his specialties was Negro dialect with an ante-bellum flavor, and he achieved indubitable excellence there. A suitable specimen is "A Plantation Ditty":

De gray owl sing fum de chimbly top:
"Who—who—is—you-oo?"
En I say: "Good Lawd, hit's des po' me,
En I ain't quite ready fer de Jasper Sea;
I'm po' en sinful, en you 'lowed I'd be,
Oh wait, good Lawd, 'twell termorror!"

De gray owl sing fum de cypress tree:
"Who—who—is—you-oo?"
En I say: "Good Lawd, ef you look you'll see
Hit ain't nobody but des po' me,
En I like ter stay 'twell my time is free;
Oh wait, good Lawd, 'twell termorror!"

Whether Mr. Stanton in his generation was really the poet of Georgia only time will tell. Time has already brought a number of investigators who, adventuring into cabins and taking a position within hearing-distance of labor gangs, have produced evidence that the Negro people themselves are notable secular poets; perhaps the Negro race has been the poet of Georgia. But Mr. Stanton represented the sentiments of his own race, both in the South where he sang and elsewhere among that large population which likes to be reminded at a distance of the plantation and the pickaninny, with remarkable fidelity. That, too, is to be a poet. Folk-lore we have always with us, and though folk-lore in America is a thing of the printed word, it is nevertheless genuine. Mr. Stanton knew perfectly how to pluck some of the strings of which the American heart is woven; he knew how to make hundreds of thousands of business men and club women melt into sighs and gentle laughter; and he has had his reward. Some day an interesting book will be written, giving in perspective the whole portrait of nineteenth-century American man. Mr. Stanton, along with Stephen Foster and Joel Chandler Harris, will furnish important materials for the picture. Others will undoubtedly be taken out of the great body of Northern song from which Sigmund Spaeth has recently selected the pieces composing his volume "Read 'Em and Weep." Our great-grandchildren will weep to see such quantities of sentiment. Occasionally, however, they will be genuinely touched; and most of the time they will be amused. What they will have will be an impression of human nature very near its uneducated, its uneducable center.

Meals While You Wait

PATRIOTIC publicists and prosperity-puffers are fond of telling Americans that they are the best-fed people in the world. We wonder if they do not mean the most-fed. It is a nice question what people are the best-fed, but certainly we are the most-fed people of our planet. Food is fairly thrust upon us at every turn. There used to be a time when eating, like dressing, was regarded as a function to be performed somewhat privately. One did not eat in the streets, one did not eat standing in a packed line with fifty others, one did not eat even sitting down except in some quiet and privacy. Now the city dweller eats everywhere and all the time; before meals, at meals, and after meals; on the street, in the subways, and at office desks. It is the great American habit.

The demand has called for new sources of supply. At the outset soda-water counters sold only drinks. In time ice cream was added. Now soda-water counters carry food ranging all the way from cocoanut wafers to Boston baked beans and at noon serve a surging crowd which elbows its way for the opportunity to snatch a nondescript lunch while standing up. Even at the highest-priced restaurants one is jostled and crowded and hurried through by racing waiters to whom one can hardly make his order heard for the din. Soda-water counters, once a part only of drug or confectionery stores, have now blossomed everywhere in the crowded business sections. Aristocratic office buildings that once would have barred any but the most discreet and retiring restaurants now welcome glaring soda fountains, odoriferous lunch counters, and at their very portals news stands carrying as a side line—but a considerable one—rows of confectionery in five-cent packages, to be grabbed on the run and eaten ditto. The Grand Central station in New York City, supposedly a railway terminal, is in fact a bustling city by itself, filled with shops of all sorts and offering opportunities for eating ranging all the way from the exclusive restaurants of the Commodore, Belmont, Biltmore, and Roosevelt hotels—connected by underground passageways—to interminable stand-up soda-water counters.

It is largely the skyscraper, packing ten, a hundred, or a thousand persons into a ground area once occupied by one, that has brought these makeshift facilities for food and these bizarre habits of eating. The inhabitants of the business sections of our great cities do almost none of what may be called their serious eating in those quarters. In spite of the amazing multiplication of eating places, the old-time chop houses and oyster bars are disappearing. Present patrons want only a hasty lunch and a pick-me-up at odd hours throughout the day. The increase in women workers, too, has brought striking changes in popular tastes. The eating places cannot be blamed too greatly for crowded conditions and poor food at high prices. They have to pay a tremendous overhead in rent and otherwise out of a trade which lasts about three hours a day. With additional skyscrapers building every day it becomes increasingly hard to keep up with the demands for food, new both in amount and in character. The Equitable Building in New York City, the largest office structure, houses 12,000 to 15,000 workers, while 25,000 are estimated to pass in and out of its doors daily. When do they eat; where do they eat; how can they eat? They can't and they don't. In the old phrase, they gobble, gabble, git.

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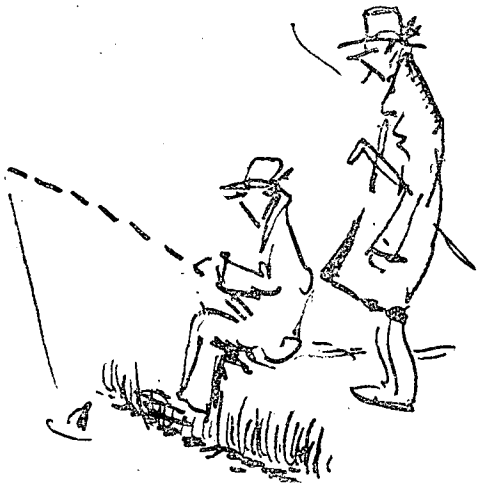
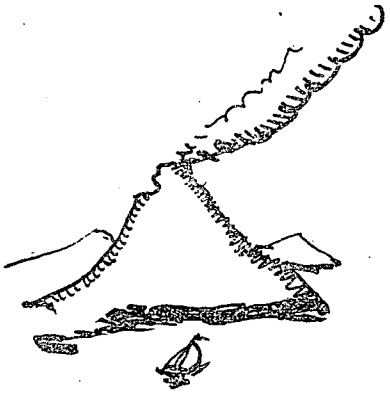
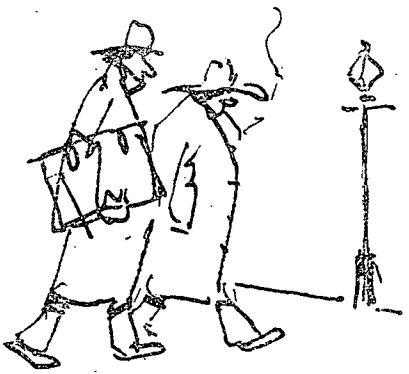
America in Europe



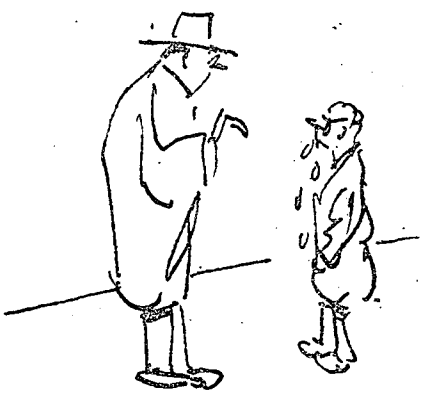
"Catching anything?"
"Not a thing."
"Well, I suppose America is to blame."



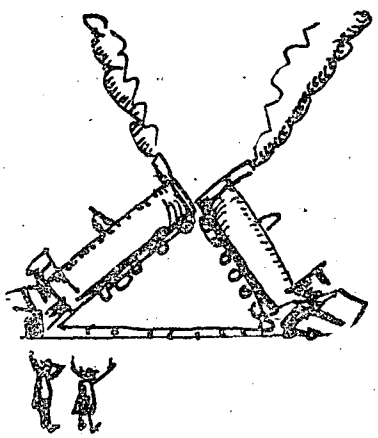
"Stromboli is again reported to be very active. It is supposed that America is at the bottom of this new eruption."—Press Item.



"My new play was a terrible failure."
"It's doubtless the fault of those stingy, blood-sucking Americans."

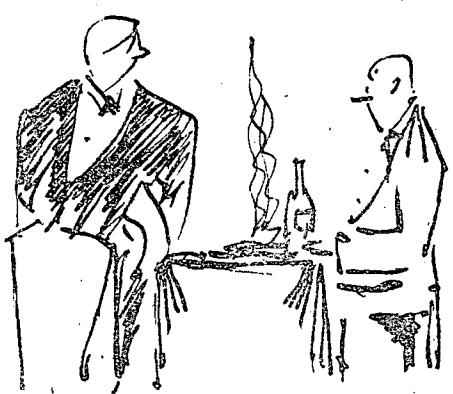


"What is the matter, little boy?"
"I bit my tongue—boohoo . . ."
"Never mind, little boy. Blame it on nasty old America."

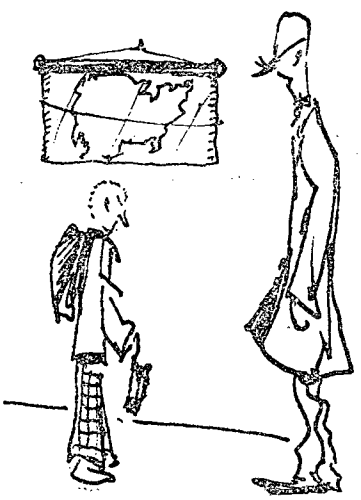


"Look at the terrible train wreck."
"I am sure it is due to the American debt."

"Here it is beginning to rain just when we left our umbrellas at home."
"Que veux-tu? C'est la faute de l'Amerique."



"Waiter, this steak is burned."
"Tell it to Coolidge."



"This is the fifth time this week you are late. What have you got to say for yourself?"
"It was those Americans, Sir."

"They predict a very severe winter."
"Of course. In a world dominated by the Americans. . . ."

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Mr. Coolidge, Here's a Court!

By WILLIAM HARD

Washington, January 10

OF course, if we were in the Permanent Court of International Justice, we would take our Nicaraguan dispute to it and get it judicially settled. Would we not? I hope all good pro-Courters will respond heartily in the affirmative.

The trouble now is that a malign fate has deprived those good pro-Courters, Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg, of the engine through which they could express their passion for international judicial settlement.

So I now come forward with a rescue party. I found it in a musty volume dated 1923.

That is a very important year—1923. It plunged us into our present Nicaraguan troubles.

In that year, under the pro-Court auspices of Secretary of State Hughes, the Central American Powers met in Washington and signed a treaty under which they promised, among other things, that they "will not recognize any other government which may come into power in any of the five republics through a coup d'etat or a revolution against a recognized government, so long as the freely elected representatives of the people thereof have not constitutionally reorganized the country."

We did not sign this treaty, but we are so profoundly sensitive to the sanctity of treaties that since we watched this one while it was being signed we insist upon obeying it. We therefore, when Chamorro came into power in Nicaragua and when in our opinion he did it through a coup d'etat, refused to recognize him. Note that Chamorro was perfectly "anti-Bolshevik." Note that he was perfectly anti-Calles. Our refusal to recognize him could not have been based on any thought of striking a blow at "subversive" influences percolating so transparently—as transparently as empty air—through Mexico City from Moscow and Leningrad. Chamorro was as much opposed to those influences as Mr. Kellogg ever was or could be. No! The State Department is absolutely correct in its announcements of its reason for refusing to recognize Chamorro. It refused to recognize him because it wished to live up to the lofty spirit of the treaty of 1923.

But, good pro-Courters of the United States, there is also another treaty of 1923. It was signed under the same auspices. It was signed by the same parties. And—isn't this nice?—it constituted an international court for the judicial settlement of international disputes.

The splendid name of this court is the International Central American Tribunal. The five Central American Powers agreed to refer to it "all controversies or questions which now exist between them or which may hereafter arise, whatever their nature or origin, in the event that they have failed to reach an understanding through diplomatic channels or have not accepted some other form of arbitration."

What a triumph for peace!

And observe! Certain of the jurists to be seated in this tribunal are to be nominated by the United States. Hurrah! We are now taking part in international peaceful justice.

Of course, we always are. Good pro-Courters will not fail to remember that it was under our auspices, when Mr. Root was Secretary of State, in 1907, that the Central American Court of Justice was brought into being.

Have then the Central Americans two international courts, the court of 1907 and the court of 1923? Dear me, no. Don't we all remember? That court of 1907 was a wretched and rotten court. It handed down two decisions adverse to our treaty of 1916 with Nicaragua. It held, for instance, that "the government of Nicaragua has violated, to the detriment of Costa Rica, the rights granted to the latter by the Canas-Jerez boundary treaty of April 15, 1858; the Cleveland Award of March 22, 1888; and the Central American Treaty of Peace and Friendship of September 20, 1907." So Mr. Woodrow Wilson, being a friend of international right, and Mr. Bryan, being even more so, and having inflamed the American populace into so regarding them were perfectly safe in paying no attention to this Central American declaration of justice. The safe course for an American President, for any American Secretary of State, is to get a great reputation for peacefulness; and then do as you like.

The Central American Court of Justice, being thus snubbed by the world's greatest historic pacifiers, naturally curled up and died, thus accomplishing a great and noble purpose and result; because it gave us at Washington a chance to work for peace again and to further and forward another and new and presumably better Central American organ for peace and international judicial exact determination.

So here we are! The time, the place, and the girl are all together.

There is a dispute. Some Central American states, backed by us, claim that Diaz is the proper lawful President of Nicaragua. Other Central American states claim that the proper lawful President of Nicaragua is Sacasa. This dispute grows out of a legal controversy regarding the meaning of a treaty and regarding the meaning of the Nicaraguan constitution. All the troubles in Nicaragua flow from this legal controversy.

Next, there is a court. How can troubles continue when there is a court? The United States Government has nominated its members of the panel of the court. It is committed beyond recall to the judicial settlement of legal controversies in Central America.

Finally, there are all the women's clubs in the United States who are going to make the United States peaceful by having it join a court at a town called the Hague in a foreign country. Will these dear ladies now step forward and persuade those strong and determined pro-Courters, Mr Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg, to send the Nicaraguan legal controversy to the new improved perfected International Central American Tribunal, of which we were sponsor?

I suppose they will. And, for the first time in my life I wish them luck. Let us now see them make good. They have a dispute. They have a court. Let them step forward and be the girl in the case. Let them descend upon Washington and find out whether or not our pro-Courters have been buying them chocolates, with no intentions of marriage.

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The National Railway of Haiti

A Study in Tropical Finance

By PAUL H. DOUGLAS

THERE are few more striking cases of financial imperialism than that of the National Railway of Haiti. A concession for the construction of a railway between Cape Haitien in the north and Port au Prince in the south was obtained as far back as 1905, but this was used by the Philadelphia group which secured it for the purpose of fleecing investors in the United States rather than for the construction of any line. In 1910 an American adventurer named James P. McDonald came to Haiti, apparently without backing from any large financial interests, and, bribing the members of the Haitian Congress, succeeded in getting a bill passed which turned over to him the prior concessions and guaranteed the company which he was to form, namely, the National Railway of Haiti, 6 per cent interest on bonds issued to finance the construction of the road, up to a total of $33,000 per mile. This was in effect a guaranty of $2,000 per mile per year. He also secured another concession granting him exclusive control over twenty kilometers of land on either side of the railroad for the growing of tropical fruits, for certain of which he was given an export monopoly. This amounted to nearly half of the total land in the country. McDonald had had the foresight to bribe the President, Antoine Simon, but for some reason the latter delayed his approval of the act. After this delay had gone on for some time, McDonald went to the President's daughter, Celestine Simon, a voodoo priestess with a great deal of influence over her father. The conversation, which has been widely reported as having occurred between them, has become one of the Haitian classics. "All the crown princesses of Europe have costly jewels," McDonald is said to have declared, adding: "Where are yours?" It is stated that Celestine replied that she had none and that McDonald then reached into his pocket, took out a box, opened it, and held up a string of pearls. He told Celestine that the pearls were hers if and when her father signed the railway concessions. Antoine Simon signed the act that afternoon and the pearls are said to have been delivered to his daughter that evening. They had cost five dollars! Thus a string of paste baubles launched Haiti into a financial venture which will in the end cost her people more than $8,000,000, and which was one of the causes for the American intervention in 1915.[1]

Bonds for the construction of the company were floated in France by the W. R. Grace Co., and the Caribbean Construction Company was formed to serve as a subcontractor in the building of the road. The British Ethelburga syndicate of somewhat malodorous reputation took a share in this company. Whether or not the insiders in the company made a considerable profit is still an object of dispute. The company went bankrupt, and the National City Bank states that it did not repay a loan which the bank had made to it. In 1914 Haiti found that only three disconnected sections of the railroad had been finished. The first paralleled the seacoast for 60 miles from Port au Prince to St. Marc. There was then a gap of 40 miles to Gonaives, whence a spur ran 20 miles to Ennery. The mountainous regions between Ennery and Cape Haitien were also untouched, but another short line of 28 miles ran directly south from Cape Haitien into the logwood country. In all 108 miles of road were built and $3,545,000 of bonds issued. After meeting two quarterly interest charges of $54,000 each, the Haitian Government in 1914 refused to make further payments—on the ground that it had contracted for a completed road, not for three disconnected segments. Through traffic was of course impossible, and three separate sets of rolling-stock had to be maintained.

The company, meanwhile, came under the control of interests which were at least closely affiliated with the National City Bank. There is no evidence that the National City Bank was a party to the original bribery of the Haitian Government or that it knew McDonald until after he had received his concession. McDonald had by this time not only been eliminated from the company but his banana concession had also lapsed because of failure to develop it. Roger L. Farnham, then in the employ of the National City Bank and later one of its vice-presidents, has been president of the railroad[2] from 1911 on.

Mr. Farnham replied to the Haitian contention by declaring that the company had made an effort in good faith to build a completed railroad, but that frequent revolutions —*force majeure*—had prevented the construction of the line. He insisted that the terms of the concession provided that the interest should be recognized as each section of the road was built and that payments were not contingent upon the construction of the completed line. Possibly he interpreted the concession correctly, but probably none save those directly concerned know definitely why the road was not finished. Revolutions during late 1913 and early 1914 may have hindered the work somewhat. Antoine Simon had been driven out of Haiti in 1911 by groups which charged that he had sold out the country to the foreigners; his successor, President Leconte, was blown up in the presidential palace, and President Auguste died mysteriously after eating food which did not agree with him. It is difficult to see how these assassinations impeded the construction of the road. Most of the later revolutions occurred after construction had been abandoned rather than before. The year from April, 1914, to April, 1915, did indeed break all records, there being no fewer than three Presidents during the twelve months; but these changes occurred after railroad-building had stopped. The sections constructed were those which ran through level country and the full $33,000 a mile was claimed as cost. Most of the sections not constructed were in the mountains, and would probably have cost more than $33,000 a mile.

Despite the frequent changes in government during 1914-1915, all of the Presidents refused to recognize the validity of the railway's claim. The matter was brought to the attention of Mr. Bryan, then United States Secretary of State, and in one of his dispatches to the American Minister to Haiti he urged that the Haitian Government

[1] For the text of the concessions see E. Mathon, "Annuaire de Législation Haitienne" (1910), pp. 52-66.

[2] Mr. Farnham is not now in the employ of the National City Bank.

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should come to an agreement with the National Railway of Haiti. But no agreement was reached.

There can be little doubt that the Banque Nationale de la République d'Haïti, in which the National City Bank owned a small interest, desired American control. A cable from Minister Smith to our State Department in July, 1914, stated that if the bank refused to renew the budgetary convention of 1910, whereby it advanced the current government receipts, and if, instead, it held all "moneys intact until the end of the fiscal year" [September 30, 1915] then "the Government will find itself without funds of any sort, and with no income, and undoubtedly will find it most difficult to operate." Minister Smith continued:[2a] "It is just this condition that the bank desires, for it is the belief of the bank that the Government when confronted by such a crisis would be forced to ask the assistance of the United States in adjusting its financial tangle and that American supervision of the customs would result."

This attempt to impound the Haitian receipts for a year in order to obtain American control over the customs, together with the pressure which the Haitian Government was exercising in order to secure control of the reserve for the redemption of the paper money held by the bank, accounts for some of the influence thrown in favor of American intervention. Mr. Farnham in his capacity as president of the railroad would also have been helped by American intervention.

In July 27, 1915, the revolution in Port au Prince drove President Sam to the French Legation and while he was there, his commander of the National Prison shot 164 of Sam's imprisoned political opponents. This massacre inflamed the city; a mob broke into the French Legation and murdered Sam, and crowds paraded the streets with Sam's remains. American marines were landed the next day, and our occupation of Haiti began. With the help of American diplomatic and naval influence Sudre Dartiguenave, who was favorable to our interests, was elected President, and a treaty which gave the United States economic and military control of Haiti was drafted and, after some opposition, was ratified. One of the clauses of this treaty[3] provided that "Haiti would execute a protocol for the settlement by arbitration or otherwise of all pending pecuniary claims of foreign corporations, companies, citizens, or subjects against Haiti."

It was not until 1919, more than three years later, that a protocol was negotiated providing for the establishment of a Claims Commission.[4] This protocol specified that the interest upon the bonds of the National Railway of Haiti should be admitted as a charge upon the Haitian treasury without being submitted to the Claims Commission.[5]

No interest was paid on the bonds, however, until 1923, when the arrearages amounting to over $1,900,000 were paid. During this entire period the railroad had been a complete financial failure. The gross annual revenues from 1914 to 1922 averaged less than $90,000 a year, while the operating costs alone, including depreciation, amounted annually to nearly $170,000. Since the yearly interest charges were $216,000, the income of the road amounted to approximately one-half of the operating costs, and to only 22 per cent of the total annual charges. The remainder came from the Haitian peasant, who ultimately paid the taxes, and from the roadbed and rolling stock, which was allowed to depreciate.

In 1920 the road was thrown into a friendly receivership and Judge Julius Mayer appointed Mr. Farnham as receiver. This receivership lasted for four years. Mr. Farnham charged $25,000 a year for his services and gave $20,000 a year to Sullivan and Cromwell for legal advice.[6] Other costly counsel fees were also paid. Thus the receivership fees paid to men in New York who spent but a small fraction of their time in Haiti amounted to approximately one-half the total annual receipts. These fees absorbed virtually all of the funds that had been accumulated at the rate of 1 per cent per year for the purposes of amortization. Judge Mayer nevertheless praised the receivership in a statement issued to the press on the eve of his retirement as a federal judge by declaring: "The fortunate results of this receivership refute the contention sometimes advanced, that the courts are incapable of dealing successfully with administrative as well as legal problems." He asserted that there had "been a complete rehabilitation to the great advantage of the many investors both here and abroad."[7] It is known that Mr. Farnham, who is now no longer connected with the National City Bank, is at present receiving $18,000 a year as president of the railroad[8] although he spends but little time in Haiti. He has been an expensive luxury for the Haitian peasants.

In 1924 an agreement was negotiated between Mr. Farnham and the American Financial Adviser to Haiti, whereby the bonds of the National Railway of Haiti were exchanged at a discount of 25 per cent for Series C bonds of the Republic of Haiti. The total amount of the bonds was reduced to $2,660,000 at 6 per cent and a thirty-year amortization period was provided.[9] Of the paid-in interest $600,000 was recaptured to extend the road into territory which it was hoped would bring in more revenue. These Series C bonds, as is the case with all the other issues authorized under the protocol of 1919, are guaranteed by American control of the customs until they are paid off. American collection of the customs is thus authorized beyond the expiration of the treaty in 1936.

First and last, therefore, this railroad will cost the Haitians well over $8,000,000. One of the interesting features of the situation is that had the American Financial Adviser acted promptly, the Government might have retired the issue for less than a million. In 1920 the bonds of the railway had fallen to around 55—in francs—on the Paris Bourse. Due to the depreciation of the franc, it would have been possible to buy up some of these bonds for as low as 27, and the value of the entire issue at this rate would have been a little more than $700,000. When it is remembered that the accrued interest alone was by that time approximately twice this figure, the possible saving in interest and in principal is evident. But the opportunity was neglected.

Who then did buy the bonds? It is generally understood that the National City Bank now owns from two-thirds to three-quarters of the issue. The bank, however,

[2a] For the text of this cable see *Foreign Relations*, 1914, p. 346.

[3] Article XI, "Treaty Between the United States and Haiti. Finances, Economic Development and Tranquillity of Haiti. Treaty Series No. 628" (Washington).

[4] "Protocol Between the United States and Haiti. Establishment of a Claims Commission. Washington (1919). Treaty Series No. 643."

[5] *Ibid.*, Article III.

[6] For the records of the receivership see files of Federal Court in New York City. De Acosta v. Compagnie Nationale des Chemins de Fer d'Haïti. In Equity No E—18—196. See especially amended order July 7, 1924.

[7] New York *Times*, July 20, 1924.

[8] *Ibid.*, p. 13.

[9] For the details of this agreement see "Annual Report of the Financial Adviser—General Receiver of Haiti for the Fiscal Year October, 1923-September, 1924," pp. 85-89.

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declares that it did not buy such bonds as it holds directly in the Paris market but instead obtained them as collateral for a debt due to them but unpaid. From whom the bonds were taken and what they cost the National City Bank I do not know. It is certain, however, that someone made a large profit upon the transaction. The cost of the bonds, assuming that they constitute 70 per cent of the issue, could scarcely have been more than $600,000 or $700,000, even allowing for an increase in price resulting from bidding them in. The accrued back interest permanently retained would amount to not less than $950,000, while the exchange for Haitian bonds at $75 would mean an added capital gain of $1,850,000. Unknown individuals or the National City Bank, or both, seem to have made more than $2,000,000 on the series of transactions.

The American occupation of Haiti has performed some real services in building roads, reducing disease, collecting the revenues honestly, and in putting down robber bands. But this use of military power to force the Haitians to accept a contract conceived in sin and begotten in iniquity, the ultimate effect of which has been to give a large profit to American interests, cannot be excused. The Haitians can hardly be blamed if they are somewhat cynical when our Government talks about the "sanctity of contracts."

Pilsudski's Militarism

By LOUIS FISCHER

Warsaw, December 1, 1926

PILSUDSKI does things by halves. He is a dictator in fact but not by nature, and after the bloody events of the May putsch—which some Poles delight in calling a "revolution"—he failed to follow up the advantages which his control of the army and his popularity as the symbol of Polish independence gave him. As in the 1920 war with the Bolsheviks his initial success was brilliant and spectacular. The total, however, is zero. Pilsudski's role in history was finished when he and his adherents achieved Polish republican independence. He is no politician and less of an economist; most of the Marshal's activities since 1919 may be marked on the debit side of the ledger; disillusionment, dashed hopes, loss of prestige.

Three hundred men dead on the streets of Warsaw. What has Poland got for it? Even Pilsudski's ardent disciples find it hard to answer this question. To be sure, the Marshal was born under a lucky star, and this time the British coal strike has saved his regime from dismal bankruptcy. Heavy exports of coal to England and to England's customers have temporarily fortified the zloty. The severe economic crisis which from December, 1925, to last May paved the way for Pilsudski's coup has been sugar-coated—not liquidated by sackfuls of pounds in payment for shipfuls of coal. Nevertheless, the so-called Radical Peasant Party, the Polish Party of Socialists (less socialistic even than the German Social Democrats), the Jews, and the Germans, all of whom supported him in May, are disgusted with him for what he has and has not done. His return from voluntary exile to active politics raised high hopes in practically the entire nation. Now, after six months, many persons realize that their hopes are forlorn.

Today Pilsudski is coquetting with the monarchists. Will he take the crown? It is doubtful. He does not go the whole way. Yet he is so temperamental and unaccountable that no one would venture a prophecy. The leading royalist publicist in Poland said to me, "Now we have what we have not had hitherto—a candidate." He meant Pilsudski. It was a day after the celebrated monarchist conclave in Nieswiec, the family seat of the Radziwills, where the premier met four hundred of the richest, most influential landowners of the country. They offered their support and Pilsudski accepted it. He is convinced that he needs such aid to combat the National Democratic industrialists, his staunchest foes. To the extent that it will weaken this bold, quasi-Fascist Opposition, the Pact of Nieswiec was a clever move, yet it may ultimately force him to create and fill the post of Regent and to become a Horthy-like seat-warmer for a future king. It may, moreover, alienate completely the peasants and socialists who are growing more distrustful and disgruntled daily but who are, notwithstanding, his faithful following still.

Pilsudski has no program. His present policy is to ride as many horses as possible, and his cabinet is therefore a queer menagerie of monarchists, socialists, peasant exploiters, and exploited peasants all held together by personal allegiance to the Marshal. He could, by a concession or even a mere gesture, regain the confidence of the Left, which he is fast losing. The workers, like the Socialists, are more nationalistic than socialistic, and Pilsudski is their idol. Every hour, however, makes the prospect of a Left orientation less likely. Pilsudski is heading straight toward reaction, and already the Socialist Party is demanding the resignation of one of its members from the cabinet.

Pilsudski has robbed the Seym of even apparent power. He has browbeaten and humiliated it, and held up a mirror to show it its anemia. Had he offered a substitute for this hollow parliamentary form he might have been allowed to murder the Diet with impunity. Nobody considers it really important. As it is, his methods have only aroused resentment. He has dragged parliament in the dust. Yet he does not dare dissolve it. He stops half-way.

Pilsudski, above all, is a soldier and the army is his pet. The other afternoon I went into a stationery shop on the Marshalkovska to buy some picture post cards. In a mixture of German and Russian I made the salesman understand my question as to whether conditions were any better since Pilsudski. "No," was the decided reply. "All the money," he said pointing to his cash register, "to army. The Marshal has an *idée fixe*," he continued, tapping his temple. "Military, military, like Wilhelm." The 1927 budget provides for an expenditure of 622,000,000 zlotys by the Ministry of War, exclusive of pensions, out of a total fiscal outlay of 1,896,000,000 zlotys. But in reality the Government spends more than 33 per cent of the annual budget for military preparations. An extremely pro-Polish member of the diplomatic corps put it at 40 per cent, and a minister in Warsaw of a Western European Power estimated between 40 and 45 per cent. An official in the Polish Foreign Office admitted that certain army expenses were often debited to

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other departments, and it is an open secret that the frontier guard of 19,000 men is maintained by the Ministry of Interior, while the Ministry of Communications pays many troop transport bills and the Ministry of Education for a few officers' training schools. A poor peasant country, Poland must bear the burden of from 250,000 to 315,000 unproductive citizens in the army.

When I complained to Poles—and to the American Minister—about the huge costs of armaments, they resorted to a map and showed the long, unnatural border with Russia on the one hand and with Germany on the other. Under these circumstances, one hears from every mouth, we must maintain a large standing army and be ever on the qui vive. This military force, however, is bleeding the nation white. When invited by the Warsaw Government several years ago to advise it on financial problems, Hilton Young declared that Poland had to choose between defenselessness against Russia and Germany and bankruptcy. Pilsudski apparently prefers the latter alternative.

There is a third possibility which did not occur to the British expert: an agreement with Russia and Germany. But until recently, at least, Poland could pursue no independent foreign policy. With respect to Germany she was a vassal of France; with respect to Russia she was a buffer against Bolshevism. Locarno, and more especially Thoiry, changed the factors in the situation. If Warsaw had had its way there would have been no Locarno without a German guaranty of the Polish-German frontier. Stresemann flatly refused, Briand was conciliatory, and Poland received a sop in the form of a promise of League Council membership. Thoiry deepened Poland's disappointment over the French attitude, and the wires between London and Warsaw grew busier.

There was no money to be borrowed in Paris. But negotiations for a Polish loan were opened in the British capital. One of the Polish financiers who took a leading part in them tells me that the English demanded a veto over all Polish expenditures and a commissioner to control all Polish fiscal affairs. In view of the tendency of the Poles to sink half their funds in armaments, in view, moreover, of the officially admitted corruption of the Polish state apparatus, the men in the City can scarcely be censured for insisting on such guaranties. On the other hand, however, it must be clear that though the Polish bankers and economists favored the acceptance of these onerous terms, no politician who cared for his career could afford to sign his name to them.

After the failure of these loan negotiations, Poland stabilized her currency without foreign aid, and she accordingly supposed that with such a recommendation the door to Wall Street would be wide open. But America was not to be persuaded. In the first place, the $35,000,000 loan floated in 1924 by Dillon, Reed and Company, the Polish Government's banker, is now selling below the original market price, and that despite the very strenuous efforts of the issuing house to keep the bonds from falling. A further issue would weaken the first. In the second place, England and Germany are opposed to direct United States financial assistance for Poland, and England is Uncle Sam's intermediary for a great deal of banking business in Europe, while American money magnates are inclined to listen to German opinion because they have sunk so many hundreds of millions in Germany. The visits of Professor Kemmerer of Princeton and of Harding of the Boston Federal Reserve Bank notwithstanding, therefore—and these trips were frankly engineered with an eye to borrowing—Polish foreign loans, if there are to be any, must come from London or, incredible though it sounds, from Berlin.

Poland must import capital if she does not wish to remain an undeveloped agricultural country with a low standard of living. "Poland," mourns the official English-language monthly, the *Polish Economist*, "has been given the task to defend the capitalist structure [against Russia] without herself having capital with which to work." Too true. But the conditions under which outside aid can be obtained are too exacting. Pilsudski consequently seems disposed to reject foreign control, to pursue a foreign policy which is neither French-dictated nor English-dictated, and to depend on his army in the expectation that sooner or later London or New York will be persuaded to make greater concessions.

Meanwhile the feeling against Germany is even more bitter than the hatred for the Soviet Union. Germany is blamed for interfering with the loan. There are serious territorial differences with Germany but none with Russia. And then Poland and Germany have, since June, 1925, been engaged in commercial war which has been doing far more harm to the Poles than to the Germans. Negotiations looking to the cessation of hostilities and the conclusion of a trade agreement have been in progress for many months but little has been achieved. Yet the matter is of extreme importance because as long as the trade relations between the two countries are in their present inchoate state, Polish economic affairs and Poland's foreign policy defy satisfactory regulation. To complicate things still further Poincaré now insists on a German guaranty of the Polish-German boundary as a condition of the Franco-German rapprochement.

A new element contributing toward a German commercial settlement is Pilsudski's league with the royalist landowners. They are heavy exporters to Germany and have always been pro-German. The Marshal's announced intention of confiding three prominent diplomatic posts—Bucharest, Berlin, and Washington—to titled leaders of the monarchist movement indicates that he has promised to pay in foreign policy currency for their support at home, and increases the likelihood of an early settlement of the Polish-German trade dispute. But since the Germans are ready neither to renounce the Corridor—though they allow that Posen is predominantly Polish—nor to antagonize Moscow, a political peace still appears far off. In the West, then, natural causes, German foreign policy, German internal politics, and the Polish fear psychosis militate against the elimination of friction between the two countries. And this difficulty, together with that of the German railway obligations, may postpone Franco-German friendship. Briand at Thoiry was reconciled to throwing Poland to the dogs or to the British; Poincaré wants a satellite and a guard in the East against Germany. But he must pay for it and cannot. The situation, in other words, is in flux and depends, to some extent, on Poland's relations with Soviet Russia.

The Baltic countries and England have hitherto kept Russia and Poland apart. Now there is another factor: Pilsudski's enmity for the National Democratic industrialists and his consequent disinclination to strengthen his worst opponents by finding a market for their goods in Russia. The Premier, moreover, is a rabid anti-Bolshevik be-

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sides being an advocate of a peasant Poland. Everything, it would seem, contributes to make an agreement with Moscow quite remote, yet a pact is under discussion at this moment. These discussions were forced upon Warsaw by the Soviet-Lithuanian non-aggression treaty. It is a fact that this innocent accord between the largest and the weakest state in Europe, signed in September, is probably Chicherin's greatest diplomatic triumph in the last two years.

The Poles, egged on by Britain, and wishing to become the big Eastern Power, a year ago proposed a Baltic Locarno to Russia in which Poland would figure as the protector of Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, and perhaps Lithuania. The purpose was obvious—an iron ring around the Soviet Union which Rumania, as the ally of Poland, would complete. German diplomats have explained to me that this bloc was aimed as much against them as against Russia, and certainly the mutual desire to break it created a warm field of sympathy between Berlin and Moscow. The Lithuanian treaty, which a Polish statesman attributed to the pen of Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, the German Ambassador in Moscow, drives a wedge between Poland and the other Baltic states, and it is significant but not surprising that its immediate result has been suggestions from Latvia and Finland to Russia to commence pourparlers for separate treaties. This is one of the worst defeats which England's and Poland's anti-Russian policy has suffered. Poland, too, is now forced to accept as a basis for discussion a draft pact submitted to Foreign Minister Zalesky by Voikov, the Soviet Minister in Warsaw. The draft was given to Zalesky before the Lithuanian treaty was signed. Then he pigeonholed it, and announced the fact to the press. Now he has had to resurrect it.

The proposed pact contains one significant article which provides, in effect, that if Poland is attacked by a third party Russia remains neutral, and, vice versa, Poland remains neutral if Russia is attacked. In conversation with me Zalesky admitted that by implication Poland was free under this paragraph to march to the assistance of the Baltic states should the Soviet Union attack them, which is all that Poland can demand if she is really interested only in the welfare of her tiny neighbors.

Poland needs this treaty with Russia. Polish industries were designed for the Russian market and they are languishing because it is closed to them. Russia is the keynote to Poland's rehabilitation. "The moment Russia gets foreign capital," Felix Mlynarsky, vice-president of the Bank of Poland, said to me a fortnight ago, "and can buy more goods, Poland's problem is solved." This much is beyond a doubt: the passive trade balance inevitably resulting from a Polish commercial agreement with Germany can only be made active by large exports of manufactured goods to Russia. Yet everywhere in Warsaw one finds people saying, "We have the Riga peace treaty of 1921 with Russia. Why write another?" These men, refusing to recognize that business is impossible before political obstructions are removed, advocate nothing more than a trade agreement. And then Dolozal, Assistant-Minister of Industry and Trade, argues that Poland can deal with Russia as heretofore, that is, without even a trade agreement, a moment after he had drawn from his desk statistics proving that Poland's trade with Russia totaled 19,000,000 gold francs last year as against 1,500,000,000 gold francs before the war.

Time and an improvement in Anglo-Russian relations may help to beat down such resistance to an understanding with the Soviets. Meanwhile it is becoming increasingly clear to a large number of Poles that a country so weak economically as Poland and so much rent by internal political dissensions and by recalcitrant minorities must stop quarreling with its neighbors before foreign investors will feel justified in putting their money into it; and the outstanding obstacle is Pilsudski's militarism.

These Modern Women

Poet Out of Pioneer

ANONYMOUS

[*This is the sixth of a series of anonymous articles, giving the personal backgrounds of women with a modern point of view. The next will appear in* The Nation *for February 2. Later, psychologists will analyze the modern woman's rebellion disclosed in this series.*]

MY mother and father were the two most remarkable young people in a very small Western town: my mother, a pioneer extravert, a hard-working, high-handed, generous, and handsome girl. She never set limits to what she could do. She believed in miracles made by her own hands. When my father came, she was in rebellion against small-town sterility, determined to go to college and become, not a raw country girl with the limit of grammar-school learning but a cultured Christian gentlewoman, who could paint, sing, write, and testify to God's glory. My father had come West from Missouri for his health. He looked like Abraham Lincoln, but delicate and Quixotic. My mother's strength fascinated him and, I suppose, scared him to death. Church and school linked them—he, the principal of the grammar school; in a crude community, a man of learning (six months in a church college); the superintendent of the Sunday school and leader of Christian Endeavor. She was his first-grade teacher and a very good one. Not for nothing had she been mother to eleven brothers and sisters on the old ranch. She ran her schoolroom with an energy that was electric. Children were happy with her. She furnished them a firm foundation.

My father, of course, felt the charge of vitality. They married and for two years lived in a state of enforced chastity, I suppose, determined to save money and go to college. They saved $2,000 and were departing for a higher life when my uncle, my father's brother, came penniless from the East and married a shrew. My father loved my uncle with an unnatural simplicity. Brother John and the shrew wanted the two thousand to buy an apple-farm. My mother

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saw an older love in my tender father about to swamp her ambitions. In this emotional tangle I was conceived and it was I, finally, not my father or my uncle, who defeated my mother. The money went of course to John, college plunged into inaccessibility, and my mother was in the usual trap and, I am sure, as bitter as any modern woman about it.

Suddenly came a chance to go to a tropic country—another way out. Romanticists they both were, although they called themselves missionaries. And so when I was still a baby my mother gave the rest of her possessions to my uncle, packed up me and her baffled desires, and set off with her Shelleyesque husband to the heathen. The story is a complicated one; I shall follow only the trends of the two temperaments. My mother, with ultimately three children and a passive husband, still had her old ambitions in this new land. But with us she did not encourage the freedom she gave her little school-children. At home she was a major domo. The family became a highly efficient organization—it had to be, when she gave most of her day to teaching. Although she took care of us all, there was never any ease or leisure; we were not permitted happiness. In the public school and the missionary chapel these two labored, giving their crowded time free for Jesus. My father was the principal, a flexible glove on my mother's strong, stubby hand. She was still his "primary" teacher, his wife, cook, housekeeper, refuge, and intelligence. And so complete was her domination over her man that she expected to mold and use me as she had used him.

But I, of course, began before I can remember silently and consistently to oppose her; to defend my father and to rebel at her steam-roller tactics. I was lonely and excitable. Fairy-tales were denied me—no reading but the Bible—so I made Bible stories into fairy-tales and she found me very difficult about them. She believed in authority. I would not submit to it. She drove me to music lessons and housework—all done to the moral precept: *there is only one right way.* I should have been a musician or a composer; but she blocked the path, hemmed in with her vigilance all creation. Music, made hideous in the guise of duty, I abandoned and took another way out—with words, where no one could give me orders. I dreamed and made fantasies, and soon I lied habitually, to escape her, and went underground in all my desires. I was my father again, but a girl this time, and enough like herself to match her mettle. I had a good childhood in spite of the fact that we lived in a state of nervous tension at home and, as missionaries and school people, in a superior and controlled fashion in public, upholding the just, the good, the true. That was easy because we had the advantage of our less educated native neighbors. My father, as the years went by, became a vague sort of scientist, fleeing away from my mother's pressure. She, passionate and unfulfilled, lived in her three children.

Her objective was this cultural life she had never reached herself, and toward it our faces were always directed. But there was a division in my mother's own mind which she had never faced. Our religion was the religion of the small town, based on a fear of the big world, on a fear of the rational, the progressive, and the huge bugaboo of "Darwinism" and Higher Criticism. And yet however my mother fought against the liberal Congregationalists and the damned Unitarians, and however fanatical was her matter-of-fact mysticism, she wanted her children to live in that intellectual world and, I suppose, to solve, in a Christian fashion, its problem for her.

Twice my father collapsed and was told to his immense relief that he had tuberculosis and that he need no longer inhabit our world. His ailment was undoubtedly psychological. Twice we starved, and adored our mother for her gorgeous strength, and pitied and averted our faces from our father. And then the old theme reentered.

My mother demanded of my now wealthy Uncle John the $2,000 that had made him a comfortable apple-grower, and had kept her in bondage. We lived on canned salmon and rice and wild tomatoes for several months, in a shack where the tropic rains poured on our beds; and John wrote evasively with no inclosures. My father loved him still and would do nothing about it. My mother went as nearly insane with rage as she could permit herself, but only on Saturday mornings, when she could safely compute compound interest on an outlawed loan. The story spins out and out. We returned to the small town in an attempt to collect the two thousand, after a letter from my uncle offering us an old farmhouse near him. There, used as my uncle's hired help and wearing his family's cast-off clothing, we integrated ourselves into the single struggle to exist—without him. At length we returned to our tropics, penniless still, but to decent poverty and our own way of life. And my mother and father took up their teaching where they had begun fourteen years before, in a three-room school on a sugar plantation. This was a little too ironic for my frail father who had just managed to complete before his return to the States a twelve-room modern school for his beloved natives. He fell ill again and again we existed—I teaching in his place to get the $25 a month allotted a substitute.

I was ready for college. On two hundred borrowed dollars we came to a Western university town and there as servants in a boarding-house began again the struggle that included our whole story.

Am I the Christian gentlewoman my mother slaved to make me? No indeed. I am a poet, a wine-bibber, a radical; a non-churchgoer who will no longer sing in the choir or lead prayer-meeting with a testimonial. (Although I will write anonymous confessions for *The Nation.*) That is her story—and her second defeat. She thinks I owed her a Christian gentlewoman, for all she did for me. We quarrel. After I escaped, she snapped shut the iron trap around my brother and sister. That is their story. I do not know if they will ever be free of her. She keeps Eddie Guest on the parlor table beside the books I have written—a silent protest against me. She is not pleased.

I cannot pretend to be entirely frank in telling the story that results from this story; or to apply to it any such perspective. Let my daughter tell it later on. She will see outlines I cannot.

I think I have not been as wasted as my mother was—or as wasteful. I have made worse mistakes, which might have been more fatal than hers and yet have not been, at least for me. My chief improvement on her past was the man I chose to marry. I did not want a one-way street of a marriage, like hers. I married a poet and novelist, gifted and difficult, who refused defeat as often as I did. Hard as it is to live with an equal, it is at least not degrading. We have starved, too; struggled as hard as ever my folks did. But the struggle has not been empty; I have no grudges. Intellectually as well as emotionally my husband had as much to give that was new and strange as I had. In marriage I learned, rather tardily, the profound truth that contradicts Jesus when he said, "Bear ye one another's bur-

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dens." I am a better person when I bear my own burdens. I am happiest with people who can bear their own, too. I remember my mother's weariness and contempt for a man who could never take up her challenges. Seven years with a real person is better than her thirty with a helpless, newspaper-reading gentleman.

The pioneer woman was a dynamo—and her man nearly always ran out on her. From the bitterness in such women many of us were born. Where was her mate? Did she destroy him? Did he hate her for her strength? Was he weaker because she was strong? Where is the equilibrium, anyway? I do not know, for sure, although I spend much time wondering.

Marriage is the only profound human experience; all other human angles are its mere rehearsal. Like every one else I have wanted it. And yet having it, it is not all I want. It is more often, I think, a final experience than a way of life. But I am a poet—love and mutual living are not nearly enough. It is better to work hard than to be married hard. If, at the beginning of middle age, we have not learned some of the perils of the soul, in this double-selved life, we are pure fools. Self-sufficiency is a myth, of course, but after thirty, if one is a serious-minded egoist (i.e., artist) it becomes more and more necessary. And I think it can be approximated.

Lucinda Matlock, in the "Spoon River Anthology," says:

We were married and lived together for seventy years,
Enjoying, working, raising the twelve children,
Eight of whom we lost,
Ere I had reached the age of sixty.
I spun, I wove, I kept the house, I nursed the sick,
Rambling over the fields where sang the larks,
And by Spoon River gathering many a shell,
And many a flower and medicinal weed,
Shouting to the wooded hills, singing to the green valleys.
At ninety-six I had lived enough, that is all,
And passed to a sweet repose.
What is this I hear of sorrow and weariness,
Anger, discontent, and drooping hopes?
Degenerate sons and daughters,
Life is too strong for you—
It takes life to love Life.

My mother was not this woman, nor am I, but we are both some way kin to her.

Smith in 1928?

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, January 8

IT is generally predicted that the Democratic Party is headed in 1928 for another convention battle that will make that of 1924 look like a tea party. There may be a way of averting it, but no one in Washington can tell you what it is. Of course it is almost incredible that the minority party, broke, in debt, destitute of leadership, devoid of issues, and still dazed from its last and worst defeat, should be all set for another fierce internal conflict certain to leave it unarmed and impotent before its ancient enemy, whose smug and pudgy personality ought to provide a shining mark. Yet such seems to be the fact.

All the rules of politics, the dictates of common sense, the pressure of the workers for the jobs, the lessons of the past—these things ought to be enough to compel unity, but they are not enough. The history of the past seventy years shows that whenever there appears in the stream of politics a large, jagged rock the Democratic Party hits it harder, more enthusiastically, and more directly than any other, splitting so widely that the well-known adage about the lust for power being stronger than the pull of principle apparently ceases to apply. Outside the breastworks the factions fight with a fury that to those whose eyes are not filled with blood is obviously destructive of election chances. It was that way on the slavery issue, again on the silver issue, and now on the liquor issue. After each split the party suffers a long series of electoral disasters that make its actual survival as a national agency more or less miraculous. In 1920 the great adverse majority was due to the reaction against Wilson and other things, but in 1924 it was due to the convention feud between the Dry forces of the West and South and the Wet forces of the East, with considerable religious feeling between Protestant and Catholic thrown in to increase the bitterness. The nomination of a compromise candidate of the highest character did not avert the disaster. On the contrary, it seemed to increase its size.

And now, looking toward 1928, there is not a single clear-headed Democrat in Congress or in the country who sees anything save another bruising contest between irreconcilable factions. Every sign confirms this view. No one sees any way to avoid it. Many think it will be worse than the last. The outstanding and logical candidate is a Wet, the bulk of the States will be Dry. The two-thirds rule cannot be waived or abrogated. On the other hand, while there is among the Republicans certain disaffection and trouble, the indications are that in the next convention, as in the past, they will be successful in soft-pedaling the dangerous issue, taking as usual the Dry side without driving the wild Wets away.

Of course what enables them to play that game successfully is the inevitable and increasingly bitter Democratic split plus the Dry strength that has so far prevented the logical and natural division between the parties on the liquor issue. In view of these conceded facts, together with recent party leadership and history, it would be ridiculous to call the Democratic outlook for the next national campaign bright. Yet there is no lack of candidates among the Democrats; no lack of men who believe, in spite of the prospects, the nomination is worth having and want it.

It is strange, but it is so. Of course, as the well-known Munyon was wont to say, there is always hope. The Republican candidate might go crazy, or the Republican convention develop courage, or some new note be struck that would swing the pendulum back toward the Democracy. But it will be conceded that all of these are remote contingencies. The one thing that keeps interest and discussion of the Democratic situation from being purely academic on the outside and extremely comic on the inside of that party is the candidacy of Governor Smith. Should

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he—a Catholic and a Wet, four times Governor of New York, and concededly the outstanding Democrat in the country—should he be nominated, then all the basis for political prophecy and calculation disappears. It would be an utterly new sort of campaign. It might easily be one of tremendous and unprecedented bitterness, ending in final and irretrievable disaster. On the other hand, the remarkable personality, character, and record of this man, the saltiness of his language, his gift for trenchant expression, his knowledge of the way to the hearts of the people, plus the growing sentiment against the Volstead Act might conceivably upset all the political dope, confound the bigots, and sweep him and his party into power. It is possible to find in Washington so-called Democratic leaders to support both of these views with equal emphasis. Two things, however, stand out here in connection with this Democratic situation. One is that the most astute Republican politicians are unanimously convinced of Smith's nomination notwithstanding the plausible statistical arguments of certain professional political analysists that no Wet can be named and of the raucous cries of Mr. McAdoo's newspaper friends in one or two Southern States. The other is the number of Dry Democrats from the South in Congress who, while publicly compelled to oppose Smith or any Wet, at heart want to see him win and privately say so. Two years ago these men were against him privately as well as publicly.

It may be interesting to note that recently on an inside page and in a most inconspicuous way the fact was mentioned in the New York *Times* that Thomas L. Chadbourne and Bernard M. Baruch would not be with Mr. McAdoo in the next fight. Chadbourne, it was said, is definitely for Smith. The article did not locate Baruch beyond saying that he is not with McAdoo. This will be interesting to a number of Democratic Senators who seem not to have seen it. So far as Chadbourne is concerned it will not mean much to them except as indicating that Mr. McAdoo has lost an angel. The only way Mr. Chadbourne figures in politics is as an intermittent and not over-liberal contributor. What he does is of small concern. But with Mr. Baruch it is different. What he does is of considerable concern to quite a few minority Senators. They like to keep in sympathetic touch and pleasant accord with him. To most of these it will be a relief to know that he is not going down the line with Mr. McAdoo again. It will be a greater relief when they know with whom he is really going to play. Probably he doesn't yet know himself.

In the Driftway

THE only concern which the Drifter has in regard to the telephone service to London at $75 a call is a fear that he may return from lunch some day to find a memorandum on his desk which reads: "The Duke of Eastumberland phoned you—says you're to call him back." The Drifter will call him more than that.

* * * * *

ONE hundred American clergymen have issued a manifesto in which they describe our civilization as "the best the world has ever known." Yes—it always has been.

* * * * *

MUCH as the Drifter regrets to find himself indifferent to any worthy cause, he has been unable to work up any passion thus far against "poisoned alcohol" or in behalf of the downtrodden proprietors of New York City's night clubs, who, according to a new edict, must close their doors just as business is fairly beginning, at 3 a. m. So far as the Volstead act goes, the Drifter can either break it or leave it alone. He has no quarrel with any little group of serious drinkers that wants to go on stowing away the best that it can get hold of. He suspects that law is merely faulty human opinion, that none of it has been handed down from heaven on tablets of stone, and that it is far from the most sacred thing in the world. Yet at the same time it seems like straining a point for anybody to ask a government to guarantee him against unfortunate consequences from violating its statutes. It would be almost as reasonable if murderers were to insist that the government hang them with a noose so soft and elastic that it could by no possibility break their necks or spoil their appetite for lunch.

* * * * *

AS to night clubs, the Drifter has not recently been able to get up early enough to visit one, although when a boy on a farm he might have run in for a moment just before milking time had there been such a resort handy. He doesn't recall that there was. In general, the Drifter has scant sympathy with anyone who isn't ready to go home to bed at 3 a. m. Everybody ought to get up sometime, and it is hard to see how it can be done if one never goes to bed. Anyhow, for those who have no home, or for married men who are afraid to go to theirs at 3 a. m., there are the all-night lunch rooms and the six-day bicycle race.

* * * * *

IN fact the Drifter would like to see this curfew idea carried further. He would advocate an ordinance requiring that all after-the-theater supper parties be held before 8 p. m. Upon emerging from a theater where the play has put one almost completely to sleep there are few more unpleasant sensations than to have the Life of the Party shout boisterously to the stilly night: "What say we go some place and have a bite to eat?" And there's always some liar and idiot to respond: "Why how nice that would be!" Besides, when the Drifter has invited guests to attend the theater in the hope of squaring social accounts for the next six months, it is annoying to be put again on the debit side by having them lug him off and fill him with food and drink he doesn't want. In the days before prohibition, when one was invited in a saloon to take a drink which he didn't care for, it used to be possible to reply: "Thank you, I'll take a cigar instead." Often the Drifter, when urged to go to an after-the-theater supper party, is tempted to respond: "If it's all the same to you, Old Man, I'll take a bed."

* * * * *

NOR would the Drifter stop there. He would extend the curfew law to compel all private parties to adjourn at midnight. This would be welcomed by most of the guests and all of the hosts. The trouble now is that no guest wants to make the first move for fear he'll be thought a sissie or a killjoy, and no host can turn out the lights and go to bed without seeming inhospitable. These views may be disputed by a few die-hards falling to sleep in each other's arms at the fag end of a late party, but they are the unanimous verdict of all whom the Drifter has ever encountered, yawning and red-eyed, on the morning after. But the morning after is an engagement which the Drifter, with all his subterfuges, has never been able to escape. Possibly he is in its grip now. THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

The New Generation: Better than the Old?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Abbott, in *The Nation* for December 8, stated the exact truth as I see it and experience it in my contacts with the boys of today. In a recent article on the liquor situation in our schools and colleges published in *Harper's* I suggested some of my own personal convictions as to the reasons why there is less drinking among our school and college boys than formerly. I had in mind their idealism, which is seemingly so much higher than that of the older generation. Mr. Martin in *Life* rather sneeringly refers to this as "dry declamation." But any headmaster can relate numerous experiences to support this contention, and, so far as I know, all my personal friends in this profession share the views which Dr. Abbott and I hold.

One point I think should be emphasized as supplementary to what Dr. Abbott has said in this article. While we are confident of the high idealism of the boys of today and of their effort to find a better life and attain a higher goal, the everlasting and selfish hammering of an older generation with distinctly lower ideals upon their impressionable minds may eventually thwart them in the attainment of the desired end. I have seen this happen in individual cases, and I am fearful lest the influence may spread. If the older group, which seeks so noisily to support an untenable position and, with a strange and almost gloating selfishness, seems to exult in the mistakes of the youngsters, would leave our boys and girls alone I should have no fears for the future. It is rather significant, and a bit tragic, that high-minded boys today will tell you frankly that they dread far more the temptations which beset them in the vacation periods on their return to their homes than they do those, which used to be considered hard enough, in the swirl of school and college life.

Andover, Mass., December 9 ALFRED E. STEARNS,
Principal, Phillips Academy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Abbott's article is good, timely, and he is right in his estimate of modern boyhood.

Hightstown, N. J., December 14 R. W. SWETLAND,
Headmaster, Peddie School

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To every statement and belief of Mr. Abbott I most respectfully sign my approval and belief. The life of this school expresses, or tries to, something more of the intimate and family relationship between boys and older people than is possible in a school of larger numbers. It is my personal feeling that the growth of larger schools, or the growth of small schools to larger under the demand of the present time, does not offset the impersonal element that would seem to be developing in certain sections of the country because of the breaking down of the intimate everyday life of the home. If boys "need very careful handling, need all the love and affection that a man can give them," then I feel that there is an increasing need for schools where each boy may be known and may be considered as an individual. This, however, is purely a personal opinion based upon a heritage of an old school which began when family life was vital, simple, and more intimate than it would seem to be at the present day.

Washington, Conn., December 12 HAMILTON GIBSON,
Headmaster, Gunnery School

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with great interest Dr. Abbott's address in regard to the present generation of boys. I am in accord with his conclusions and his estimate of the modern boy, though in reaching my own conclusions I might not have followed the same lines. There is an apparent inconsistency between actions and ideals, but this may be explained by the basic reality which I believe characterizes the present generation.

Southborough, Mass., December 13 W. G. THAYER,
Headmaster, St. Mark's School

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with keenest interest and appreciation Dr. Mather Abbott's address before the Rotary Club of Trenton, New Jersey, entitled The New Generation. I wish it might reach the hands, and the minds as well, of everybody.

Pomfret, Conn., December 9 WM. BEACH OLMSTED,
Headmaster, Pomfret School

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I think Mr. Abbott has stated the case of the boys of the present era very fairly. They are direct and straightforward, and, on the whole, clean and wholesome. Of course there are exceptions, and there always will be. My observations of boys over a period of twenty-nine years at Morristown encouraged me very much as to their general dependability. The boys who have graduated at Morristown during that period are almost without exception making a creditable contribution to the life and work of their generation; and what more can be asked?

It was my fundamental principle to be simple and direct with boys and to expect the same from them, and I was seldom disappointed. At Morristown they shared directly the responsibility in many phases of the school life, and in this way gained valuable experience for adjusting to the changed conditions of life about them—which they accepted as normal and natural, having known nothing else. And as I have seen the girls, I feel much the same about them. I am entirely an optimist for the future.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., December 15 ARTHUR P. BUTLER,
Former Headmaster, Morristown School

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I don't believe the boys of today are any worse than we were; perhaps they are better; but to call them five times as decent, truthful, and manly is, to my thinking, absurd. The difficulty is that they *need* to be five times as decent, truthful, and manly. The fact that I stayed at home and did a good deal of reading when I was sixteen, did not go to the movies or the theater, or on automobile parties was nothing to my credit, because I had no such temptation. The boy of today needs vastly more character and self-control than we did a generation ago.

The old police regulations of religion have gone but I believe that the boy of today is as religious in a true sense as the boy of the last generation. His reasoning is both good and bad. He goes deeper in his questionings and analyses, but he is also able to find reasons for unworthy actions more readily than we could. We discussed things in a way that was wholly unwholesome. Now the girls and boys discuss such things in the open, together. This requires more self-control; and, while it brings disaster in some cases, it has its healthy side.

Of course the boys in my day did not drink while they were at home; but when they went away to school and college they drank many times more than the boys do today. I tremble to think what would have happened to us if we had had the automobile. On the other hand, when a boy drinks today he does it with a new defiance, which has its own results.

The long and short of it is that I regard the modern boy as rather better than the boy of my day, but I am greatly concerned for him because he needs to be many times better than we needed to be. ANOTHER HEADMASTER

Somewhere in New England, December 8

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Books, Music, Plays

Poems

By CLINCH CALKINS

Come Tired Young Women

Come tired young women,
The first snow is falling,
This is the enfolding season.
Wrap yourselves away from the exhausting earth.

In spring earth must sow,
And small rest in spring's passionate sleeping,
And in summer she tills and in fall pays her wages in weeping.

Come tired young women,
The first snow is falling.
In the first falling snow wrap yourselves away.

The Arms of Grief

The arms of Grief are very strong,
His vigor swift, his passion long.
A woman tired in heart and limb
Should not lie down to rest with him.

First Glance

WHEN Frank Moore Colby died not long ago I was one of many who were told by his friends that I should have been better acquainted with his essays than I was. Having now read "The Colby Essays," two volumes which by their editor, Clarence Day, Jr. (Harper: $7.50), are said to contain the best of Colby, I am acutely aware how much I missed; and indeed it is difficult to understand how anyone who cared for good writing could have missed these things. But I understand why it was that Colby never achieved popularity. Though he liked to defend the people against highbrows and reformers, he meant by "the people" himself and a few other persons whom he knew well; he was not given to expressing opinions about things he could study only at second hand. And anyhow it was the highbrows and reformers he talked about—arguing from the way they wrote that they could hardly possess more information than they showed sense. Could the man on the street, either, have got much satisfaction out of this typical conclusion to an essay called The Reading Public? "Taking people as they are, considering whom they marry, and what they eat and how they live and what they say and how they say it, we must in common sense conclude that their literary taste is the least thing that is the matter with them."

Colby seems not to have cared a rap how many readers he got, or whether they agreed with him. "It is pleasant to argue," he said, "but hideous to convince." He retired with his wit into a cool, private corner where he quietly amused himself by annotating the bosh that others wrote. Like his junior Mr. Mencken, whom evidently he liked, he had "something of a collector's mania" for specimens of editorial asininity. He regularly clipped and preserved the solemn paragraphs he found in British journals of opinion, and he was not without occupation, of course, as he went through periodicals nearer home. It is hard to determine whether he despised a certain kind of editor, and a certain kind of writer on "big" themes having to do with Women and Morals and the Public Taste, less or more than he despised senators and college presidents. But at any rate it was the utterances of these scribes that gave him his cues; he might never have written had not his contemporaries written badly. He saved his wrath particularly—and yet wrath is not the word for this man whose tongue cut so coldly—for "collapsible opinions, that is to say, those large, ownerless public thoughts which almost any one will display on a public occasion, but which deflate instantly in solitude or in the comparative candor of private conversation." He always found the right word for those responsible journalists who handle human society as if it were "the tenderest of little potted flowers, watered by weekly or monthly tears, surviving by a miracle during the intervals of magazine publication." He was far from denying the imperfections of the world, but these were summed up for him in the cheapness which he found to be characteristic of human nature generally. So he will not be popular. Though he never said an untrue thing, and though he always expressed himself with a forthright felicity, he never hoped for what can never happen. He never hoped, for instance, that most of the magazines in the world would see that they had nothing to talk about and cease tomorrow.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Compendium of Imperialism

Imperialism and World Politics. By Parker Thomas Moon. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

SO much has been talked and written about imperialism in recent years that it is strange to find in the English language no adequate and comprehensive treatment of the subject until the appearance of this work by Professor Moon. The competitive acquisition, through force, diplomacy, peaceful penetration, purchase, and other methods, of colonies, protectorates, and other landed properties, by most of the Great Powers, and some little ones, has visibly or secretly underlain the activities of modern nations in all their dealings with one another. On this account Professor Moon has rendered a great, indeed an indispensable service to students of world history and politics.

Though modern imperialism, as a creed or an enthusiasm, may be said to have organized in the fertile breast of Benjamin Disraeli, empire-making in planless detail had long been going on. The fully conscious competitive process began, however, in the eighties, when France and Germany became aware of the huge lead which Great Britain had obtained in all quarters of the globe, and when the economic pressures for foreign trade, investments, and development of backward countries became urgent motives of national economy. The struggle for the exploitation of the Congo Basin and East Africa in the eighties marked more clearly the new consciousness of the meaning of empire and the discords it created among the competing governments. Professor Moon, after some preliminary analysis of origins and motives, takes us on a great world tour, which begins with "the five Africas," proceeds to the Turkish and other provinces of the Near East, then treats of the Anglo-Russian rivalry in the Middle East, and after an illuminating

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chapter on India under British occupation passes to the struggle of the Western Powers and of Japan for concessions in the Far East. A keen analysis of United States policy in Central and South America follows, and a chapter upon the "Mandates" throws light upon the new professions of what may be called inter-imperialism.

There are three great merits in this book. First, it presents a full and well-documented history of the imperialist processes. Second, it gives a geographical and populational survey of the part played by the several imperialist Powers, accompanied by reliable statistics and maps. Third, it discusses in a keenly appreciative manner the causes and effects of imperialism from the standpoint of the imperialist and the subject peoples. With conspicuous success the author exhibits the close and continuous interplay of business and politics, in particular the submissive way in which governments have used their diplomatic and armed power to promote the profitable schemes of traders and financiers. But Professor Moon well appreciates the complexity of motives which operate in imperialism—disinterested religious and philanthropic enthusiasms hobnobbing with patriotism, profiteering, and buccaneering in a Livingstone, a Rhodes, or a Roosevelt. He rightly assigns the determinant role in most modern instances to the organized national or international groups of exporters, importers, bankers, and shipowners who know what they want and mean to get it. The whole gamut of imperialist tones and undertones from "spheres of interest," "influence," and "hinterlands" to "protectorate" and "colony" is subjected to a nice study. The whole treatment is conducted in a calm, scientific spirit, and forms a most important contribution to a larger understanding of national and international politics.

J. A. HOBSON

The Fame of Anatole France

Anatole France: The Degeneration of a Great Artist. By Barry Cerf. The Dial Press. $4.

Rambles with Anatole France. By Sandor Kemeri. J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.

THE fame of Anatole France is obviously open to an attack, but hardly to one of the sort which Mr. Cerf launches against him. The unorthodox character of France's moral philosophy was surely patent enough to render unnecessary even the elucidation which it received at the beginning of his career, and at this late date it is scarcely effective to label him a sensualist and a cynic. His fame was the fame of an artist, won in the teeth of moral opposition, and it is not likely that those who were impotent against him then should triumph now. If he failed it was only as an artist that he failed, and it is not as an artist primarily that Mr. Cerf assails him.

He does indeed point out that France was capable of a sentimentality which ill accords with his explicit philosophy and that he never took the trouble to think his way through the monstrous inconsistency involved in combining socialistic enthusiasm with a pessimistic insistence upon the impossibilty of human improvement; but the center of Mr. Cerf's argument is always moral. Anatole France, we are informed, was a skeptic too indolent to seek the truth; a voluptuary "who knew women not as mothers but as instruments to allay sensual passion"; and a writer whose doctrine "withers the stock from which charactor springs." He failed to perceive that stoicism and Christianity are "two of the most adequate approaches to virtue yet devised by man"; he sought knowledge for amusement rather than improvement; and he did nothing to promote "the establishment in the world of sound ethical principles, which every man must abide by, on pain of being ostracized as unsocial." He was, in a word, Anatole France.

Yet surely that is exactly what, as an artist, it was his right—even his duty—to be. Even when the world shall have got a great deal closer than now it is to "the establishment of sound ethical principles" cynicism and sensuality will still be the dominant notes in one possible reaction to life, and hence also in one of the possible moods of art, whose glory it is to be as infinitely varied as mankind. If he failed, he failed not because he was a sensualist and a cynic but because the indolence which accompanied his sensuality and his cynicism kept him aloof from the hurly-burly of his times and forbade him the effort to express his conviction in forms which should have a contemporary validity; because he was content to remain a contemporary of Petronius and of Voltaire, speaking their language and seldom straying far from the world of their ideas, in spite of the fact that the modern world has its forms of cynicism and sensuality which a great cynic and a great sensualist might find. His works too obviously resembled other classics ever to become classics in their turn, and that is the worst than can be said of them.

Nor is misdirection the only flaw in Mr. Cerf's extended study. Whoever would attack Anatole France with any prospect of success must write almost as well in his own way as France does in his, and this the present author fails lamentably to do anywhere in the course of his labored and repetitious analysis. With laudable zeal he undertakes, for example, to prove how pernicious is the dictum (borrowed by France from Montaigne) that "to die for an ideal is to attach a very high price to conjectures"; but here as everywhere one's sympathy goes instinctively out to so gaudy a butterfly upon so ponderous a wheel. "There is a certain impertinence in letting oneself be burned for an opinion," adds Anatole France, and the dazzling effect of the simple statement remains undimmed by all the solemn reproof which follows. Any destructive criticism is foredoomed to failure where the quotations stand out, as here they do, like green oases in an arid desert. Perhaps M. Cerf is righter than Anatole France, but at least he is no match for him.

After "Madame" had died in 1910 Mme George Bölöni, a Hungarian woman who wrote under the name of Sandor Kemeri, came to take the dictation of Anatole France and to act also as his companion. For him she entertained a romantic adoration, and from the conversational crumbs which fell to her lot her book is made. One will not find in it any of the critical insight which has marked several of the somewhat similar volumes of reminiscence which have recently appeared, for the hero-worship of the author is obviously incapable of that; but one will find instead a series of vignettes—France at the Book Shop, France in Rome, and France at lunch with his one-time enemy Rodin—which have a certain charm. At its worst the "Rambles" is inclined to be gushing; at its best it is genuinely entertaining.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Quixotic Platonism

Preface to a Life. By Zona Gale. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

BEAUTY, so stylists used to tell us, is not too rashly to be invoked by name. Instead let the poet describe the beautiful thing. Or better, perhaps, instead of trying to describe the face that launched a thousand ships, let him describe its effect on two old men of Troy, and make a deathless myth of beauty.

But Greece gave us Plato as well as Homer, and the hero of Miss Gale's new novel loves abstractions better than their concrete embodiments. Instead of embracing the woman he loves, he tells her ecstatically that he sees through her—sees *The You*, just as he sees through flowers: "The lilacs, they're not real. They're cut out, cut out in lilac pattern, and something beautiful that's beyond shows through—it's like a hole in a curtain, and we look through! . . . Alla, you're a pattern, cut out, you know. And just now I saw—but shaped like you—all the beauty beyond. . . . "

Of course his family and neighbors and Alla herself think this sort of thing madness; and it is very foolish of them to think that a man who sees more than they do, who sees through appearances to reality, is mad. We may tarry with Miss Gale

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to ask what reality is—chiefly multiplicity, I gather from Bernard Mead's visions, since when he looks at the trees in his yard he sees: "The trees—the tree, trillions, sextillions, nonillions, what came next? all standing growing, putting forth leaves, harboring birds. . . . Birds, he grew dizzy with birds—multitudes of wings, folded or flying, multitudes. . . . " We may tarry with Bernard Mead's visions of reality, or we may turn back to the story for illumination.

In an unwary moment Mead had slipped into a tepid engagement with a Paris gown wrapped around a piece of soggy dough, and the next day he fell in love with a charming young woman. There are other things more important than love, he observes, a proposition that is nicely arguable when one is not considering marriage, but it was precisely marriage that Bernard was considering.

"He muttered: 'I don't want to live without you. The point is—what of that?' She cried: 'What's life for if it isn't for love?' " And here perhaps she should have said: "Why do two people live together in sexual intercourse, if not for love?" But she didn't, and so Miss Gale could have her hero answer: "That's the stage where we've all stuck. And yet—'Loved I not honor more'—they'll swallow that stuff. Doesn't it apply anywhere else? Except in going to the 'wars'."

Mead loves honor more. And so he forces the woman he loves, and who loves him, to live lonely all her life so that he can also force himself and the woman he marries to live equally lonely and unloved. He embraces for his life-work the lumber business that he hates, because he has permitted his dying father to extort from him a promise to do so. And about the time he reaches fifty-one he seems to the neighbors to go to pieces. People sometimes do. Decorous old maids have been known to assault defenseless men in the street. And it almost seems as if Bernard Mead, in trying to pierce too abruptly through appearances to reality, assaults the life he has denied.

If what he finds when he breaks through is as unsatisfactory as most of the messages that have thus far come from the spirit world, this is doubtless due to the complete incomprehensibility of a world in which people are born only to grow old and die. For that is the world Mead knows, the world that one usually knows when one reduces things to abstractions. He is filled with pity as he thinks of the futility of the life lived by his aging mother and his aging aunts and his aging wife and his soon-to-be-aging and generally no-account children. One turns from this weeping philosophy to admire the skill with which Miss Gale presents the small foibles of the unloved and unlovely persons of her story, all to be transformed by the mystical eye of Bernard into patterns of some universal beauty.

I have given one interpretation. The reader will see his opportunity for creative reading, a passive but none the less an exciting role, when I confess that I think Miss Gale inclines to another, that she sees Mead's story as a spiritual victory wrested from unhappy circumstances. "He looked up into the hot darkness where there was nothing sinister, but something soft and kind—Himself, perhaps, extending on and up. . . . It was the goddess in whom no one any longer believed, it breathed deeply and it waited, it was carrying its children to some birth."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Ask the Whale; He Knows

The Yankee Whaler. By Clifford W. Ashley. Houghton Mifflin Company. $20.

A QUARTER of a century ago the sailor was presented to us in print as a round-faced, jolly little man who spent his off moments in hitching up his trousers, doing a hornpipe across the deck, and singing out "Heave ho!" and "Avast there, my hearties!" while into his active hours was crammed pristine and lurid adventure more tightly than sardines are ever packed into the traditional tin. It was a slim year that didn't yield a sailor a mutiny or so, a couple of attacks by pirates, and at least one shipwreck.

When, early in the present century, sociological fiction came into fashion this Gilbert and Sullivan sea was invaded by writers who had less to say of high adventure than of lowly bouts with such prosaic facts as hard work, miserable quarters, bad food, and degrading treatment. It has remained for still more recent writers to give the public an inkling that a sailor's hardships are as much spiritual as material; that one who is looking for thrills should ship in the movies rather than before the mast; that those who follow the sea for a livelihood know it chiefly for its loneliness, its eventlessness, its tedium, its imposition of a routine as inflexible as that of the most Fordized factory ashore. All of which was far more acute fifty and a hundred years ago—America's great era at sea—than it is today.

And now have we reached another fashion in sea books? Apparently so. The striking revival of interest in the almost extinct square-rigger, in the great days of our clipper merchantmen and greasy whalers, is leading to a new romanticism, a tendency to accentuate the poetry, the glamor, the beauty of those days to the exclusion of the brutality, the degradation, and the boredom.

It is worth saying this in connection with Mr. Ashley's beautiful volume not because it is sentimental slush but because it is for the most part a faithful, first-hand pictorial and literary record which will undoubtedly take a place among the few authentic books on a once great American industry. It is fair to the reader, therefore, to point out the writer's tendency toward romanticization, and Mr. Ashley has in a way courted such criticism by his own attack upon the authenticity of the whaling accounts of E. Ross Brown and Frank T. Bullen.

Mr. Ashley is a painter first and a writer secondarily. Of whaling ancestry, he spent some months more than twenty years ago aboard a New Bedford whaling bark off the coast of Africa, taking notes of what he saw in picture and text. Since then he has been almost continuously at work making a pictorial record of the whaling industry of New Bedford, as pleasing artistically as it is valuable from the standpoint of history. "My task came to a close," he says a little sadly, "when the Charles W. Morgan was towed out of the harbor and there were no whalers left to paint." Most of this artistic wealth is reproduced in the present volume, which, besides numerous line drawings in black and white, contains more than a hundred plates, nearly a score of them in color. The book is far and away the fullest and finest pictorial record of the New England whaling industry that has appeared or, it is safe to say, ever will appear. For reasons sad to recall it never can happen again.

It is not unnatural that the text should be somewhat less comprehensive and satisfactory than the pictures. Perhaps the most valuable chapters are those on gear and craft, and on scrimshaw. Here Mr. Ashley's trained artistic eye makes him an unusually good interpreter. Scrimshaw is the old whaleman's word for the useful and curious objects which he wrought during long voyages out of whales' teeth or bones and adorned to suit his fancy. Mr. Ashley calls scrimshaw "the only important indigenous folk art, except that of the Indians, we have ever had in America."

Having accused Mr. Ashley of romanticizing the New England whaling fishery, it is only fair to quote an instance:

"Some day man may fashion a machine more beautiful than a full-rigged ship," he writes in his concluding chapter; "some day a cleaner craft than the Yankee whaleboat may be evolved; but there never will be a braver and sturdier race of men bred in this world than the officers of that vanished fleet. There is one other thing that is certain: if ever there is to be fairer and better hunting than the chase of the sperm whale, man will have to go to other worlds to find it."

One may pass the first sentence as a rhetorical expression of the author's affections, but the second ought not to go by without a referendum to the whales. Man has never engaged in a fair contest with any animal. He would be a fool if he did,

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and as an evolutionary animal man has never been a fool. His ascendancy over other beasts rests largely on his refusal to fight them except when favored by vastly superior odds. Nor has he scrupled to be as cruel as necessary—often considerably more so—to win. Personally I agree with F. V. Morley, who in a recent book in conjunction with J. S. Hodgson on "Whaling North and South" says, in comparing new methods with old, that the modern capture by exploding a bomb in a whale's lungs "is far less cruel and consequently preferable." Anyhow, I insist that on this point the victim be allowed the deciding word. Ask the whale; he knows.

ARTHUR WARNER

The Metaphysics of Mussolini

Contemporary Thought in Italy. By Angelo Crespi. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

AMONG other interesting things this timely volume explains the metaphysics of Mussolini, the philosophy of Fascism. Il Duce's aggressive nationalism is a form of ego-centered idealism, a reaction against the abstract and intellectual trend of ancient and medieval realism which goes back to Plato and has attained its supreme triumph in Dante's mystical vision. Instead of a supra-mundane paradise the modern leader promises to his countrymen a real paradise on the Peninsula, an immediate Utopia brought about by a "new liberalism which recognizes as a real and free individual only the one in whom the superior interests of the community and the sovereign will of the state are pulsing. This new liberalism is a collective movement; an idea animating a whole mass, an idea which has become a passion, because it is the energetic self-expression of a whole personality."

Here Gentile, the official philosopher of Fascism, sums the matter up as self-realization, not through a plurality of personalities, as in democracy, but through the acts of the transcendental ego as the world's self-consciousness. In such a scheme there is no room for individual liberty and personality, for the true reality and freedom of the individual is that which he gains by losing himself in something else. "My personality is not suppressed, but uplifted, strengthened, enlarged by being merged and restored in that of the family, the state, the spirit."

All this sounds very fine, but Gentile exposed the true inwardness of his "actual" idealism when in his Palermo speech of 1924 he stated that "every force is moral force in so far as capable of influencing the will, whatever be the argument applied, the sermon or the cudgel." The philosophy of Fascism, then, is a philosophy of force. It may be called idealism, but it begins with castor oil and ends with the black-jack. Its early converts were gained by a process of purgation, its later by physical suasion; witness the fate of Senator Matteotti and of the philosopher Amendola, who was reported as dying of "consumption" superinduced by a walk he happened to take with a group of young Fascisti. With these things in mind the author of this book summarizes the matter thus: "Fascism, which through some of its leading mouthpieces claims to be not merely the overcoming and transcending of the liberal and democratic state, such as emerged from 'the stupid nineteenth century', but also a new culture and a new religion, has so far, both in theory and in practice, been merely an orgy of bombastic negations, a chaotic mixture of Asiatic despotism, Renaissance amoralism, and Prussian state worship on the one hand and of the self-intoxicating cult of the passing impulse, of unrestrained violence as the highest form of individual, of party and national self-realization on the other."

Gentile, as has been pointed out, is the manufacturer of many of the high-sounding phrases uttered by Mussolini. But where did Gentile obtain the speculative basis of his thought? The answer is from his teacher, Benedetto Croce, known to us chiefly for his theories of aesthetics, but here the proponent of a form of historical idealism which has for years been seeping into the minds of young Italy. Master and pupil have since split; in fact, Croce's house was recently sacked by a Neapolitan Fascist mob; yet there remains a real connection between the two. Croce's political philosophy contains implicitly the conclusions drawn by Gentile. Admitting that the state is and must be the most useful, efficient, and comprehensive expression of the best life, Croce proceeds to identify it with government and to consider it as identical with society. Now reverse these propositions and see what happens. If society is identical with the state, if the state is identical with the government, and if the government ends with being identical with a dynasty, or an oligarchy, or a party, or a group, or a man, how shall it be possible to differentiate between ethics and politics, between what is moral duty and what is merely desirable?

Signor Crespi has performed a distinct service in presenting both the origins and the implications of that Italian neo-idealism which eventuates in Fascism as the apotheosis of uncriticized and uncriticizable self-assertion. But he goes even further; he points out that the Italian neo-idealism is a variant of that pestilent neo-Hegelianism, that metaphysics of militarism, which bolstered up the claims of Teutonic world dominion.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY

Interesting Books of 1926

CHOSEN BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Israfel. By Hervey Allen. Doran.
George Washington. By W. E. Woodward. Boni and Liveright.
Guy De Maupassant. By Ernest Boyd. Knopf.
The Memoirs of William Hickey. Vol. IV. Knopf.
My Past and Thoughts. By Alexander Herzen. Vol. V. Knopf.
Our Times. By Mark Sullivan. Vol. II. Scribner.
The Mauve Decade. By Thomas Beer. Knopf.
Transition. By Edwin Muir. Viking.
Notes on Democracy. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
Prejudices: Fifth Series. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
The Art of Being Ruled. By Wyndham Lewis. Harper.
Personality. By R. G. Gordon. Harcourt, Brace.
Three American Plays. By Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. Harcourt, Brace.
The Dybbuk. By S. Ansky. Boni and Liveright.
The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound. Boni and Liveright.
The Time of Man. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Viking.
The Casuarina Tree. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doran.
Tarr. By Wyndham Lewis. Knopf.
The Romantic Comedians. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page.
My Mortal Enemy. By Willa Cather. Knopf.
Two or Three Graces. By Aldous Huxley. Doran.
The Ninth Wave. By Carl Van Doren. Harcourt.
Nize Baby. By Milt Gross. Doran.

Books in Brief

Benjamin Franklin, the First Civilized American. By Phillips Russell. Brentano's. $5.

This reviewer does not know who Mr. Russell is, but it is a safe inference that his literary training is the result of newspaper work, for the trail of the newspaper runs right through this ambitious, handsomely illustrated life of Franklin. It is superficial, uncritical, written in journalese that lapses frequently into slang, and fairly dripping with "human interest." One feels, in reading it, that a bright young newspaper man set out to write a good long article about Franklin for one of the popular magazines, and after he had started it turned itself into a 323-page book. In this Sunday-feature-story atmosphere salaciousness is deftly introduced by bringing in grave and naughty productions of Franklin's pen, such as "Advice to a Young Man on the Choice of a Mistress" and "Polly Baker's

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Defense." Somehow, in the handling of the subject the luminous power of Franklin's mind and his constructive instinct are almost lost sight of—and in the end our impression is that French ladies sat on Franklin's knees and that he had illegitimate children. Yet, despite these shortcomings, Mr. Russell's book is very readable and very entertaining.

Music

Music and Common Sense—II

IN the first part of this article[1] I gave my reasons for believing that even the simplest language could not make the musical relations which it described, or a judgment of these relations, intelligible to one who had not had direct experience of these musical relations. I shall now apply my reasons to an example of such writing.

Our critic[2] is speaking of Brahms's Variations on a Theme of Handel, and he reasons that "For a composer to set down a theme . . . and then solemnly to put it through ten or a dozen little acrobatic tricks seems a little too naive to be even funny." Here the technical term variation is translated into the more accessible acrobatic trick which common sense—the critic's and his lay reader's—can judge to be too naive, etc.

This is, however, quite deceptive. For one thing, by identifying musical variation with acrobatic trick one does not convey to the lay reader the thing the variation is; what he understands is not the musical variation but whatever in ordinary experience is connoted or denoted by the expression "acrobatic trick," as he would realize if he allowed himself to be misled into actually hearing a set of variations, particularly the Brahms set in question, and tried to discover in the proceedings what he had been led to think he was familiar with. And so, in the second place, he cannot question the correctness of the identification; but, having accepted the identification, he must accept the judgment it carries with it.[3] While, therefore, he thinks he is using his own common sense to judge the musical procedure, in fact he is doing nothing of the kind; without knowing it, he is accepting a judgment already made for him by our critic, a judgment, in the third place, which he understands only as it applies to the acrobatic trick to which alone common sense is applicable.

For the conventions that constitute musical procedure are not dictated by common sense or regulated by it. Common sense would perhaps hold that after a theme had acquired a wardrobe in the development section of a sonata-allegro movement (to put it as our critic might) it should not be trotted out naked again; but actually themes are restated in original form without, by that fact alone, spoiling things. What determined the placing of the theme in this context, and what still determines whether or not it shall be so placed, was not logical but purely musical fitness, which is in fact what governs all musical practice—past practice, from which have crystallized the general outlines of the forms as we know them; and present practice, in which even these outlines change in deference to content. A form cannot, then, in the first place, be judged as an abstraction; it must be judged, if at all, in the only form in which it may be said to exist—namely, as it is bodied forth by the actual music for which it provides the occasion; which means that it must be judged anew in each new embodiment. And when, in the second place, such an embodiment is judged, it must be as music, and not, therefore, by common sense. It is—to return to our first example—only the particular set of variations by Brahms that can be judged, and then only as music. At most (and even then at its worst) our critic's reasoning can, properly, only stand for a musical judgment: that Brahms's Variations are in a class with those of Proch for agile sopranos; in other words, that they are so poor in musical substance as to reveal the bare, pitifully absurd formal skeleton which better music would conceal.

I say "properly" because there is also an "improperly" to take note of. For it is possible to take our critic's writing as illustrating the critical process not as it should be but as it is. For one thing, the musical judgment is nearly always deflected and corrupted by irrelevancies; and here, instead of the customary indigestion, we may have common sense in the form of an a priori intellectual prejudice against a particular musical form. Either that, or common sense may be dragged in a posteriori to adorn the victim. For, in general, once the judgment has been arrived at, no matter how, the critic begins to consider his audience. For the *Dial* he is an artist in prose; for the New York *World* he is a regular fellow or a lowbrow or hardboiled. And indeed, for the lay readers of the *Dial* he remains only an artist in prose, for those of the *World* only a lowbrow or a hardboiled egg. It is the musically experienced person who treats him as a critic of music—who penetrates to the all but total absence of original musical judgment in the bloated prose;[4] to the judgment that could be dispensed with in the condescending cuteness of the regular fellow; to the ignorance of the lowbrow; or to the utter feebleness behind the swagger and bravado of the one who would be hardboiled.

B. H. HAGGIN

Drama

On Dramatizations

NO first-rate novel ever made an equally good play. The very qualities which made it great as a novel—the amplitude of its action and the cumulative effect of its innumerable details—render impossible the task of compressing it within the narrow limits of the stage, for the stage demands a compacter action and a more summary characterization. However skilfully the adapter may select the essence of the action, it seems in its compressed form to move with a disconcerting rapidity; and however surely he may seize upon the most salient details of the characterization, he is compelled to heighten them unnaturally in order to compensate for the innumerable subsidiary strokes with which the novelist built up his effect but which he must leave out. A satisfactory play made from the materials of a novel would have to remold them so completely as to produce an independent work which the maker would be justified in calling his own, for in the arts there is no such thing as a simple transference from one form to another, and a mere dramatization is inevitably either a series of detached illustrations or a synopsis with all the characteristic defects of a synopsis. It is never full-blooded and complete.

To this general rule there is, I think, no single exception, and though the dramatization which Jaques Copeau and Jean Croué made from "The Brothers Karamazov" (Guild Theater) is probably as fine as any possible one, it is no adequate substitute for the great and turbulent novel from which it is taken. It is obvious that these dramatists have aimed high. Their purpose was to produce an independent work, not merely a series of visualized scenes selected from the book, and they have, indeed, achieved a certain continuity; but they cannot

[1] *The Nation*, December 8.
[2] Mr. Deems Taylor.
[3] There is also Mr. Ernest Newman, who translates the harmonic texture of the "Poem of Ecstasy"—the Scriabine discords without resolution—in combination with its structure, which includes the several climaxes and recessions of any large form, into "a series of harmonic startings that are always checked just on the verge of realization," and this in turn into "a long aphrodisiacal convulsion" which is, inevitably, too obscene to be played.

[4] Mr. Rosenfeld, for the most part, does not judge; he describes. In his descriptions of the older composers there are sometimes judgments as well; but like the descriptions they are the current judgments of these composers—even to the errors these include—which appear to be original because the vividness of the paraphrase causes them to strike us with new force. In dealing with his contemporaries, Mr. Rosenfeld is usually content to give a first work a typically lurid and inflated description, or to find a later work to be less or more this-or-that than the earlier one.

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possibly crowd the *effect* of Dostoevsky's vast action into the brief period of one evening. Too much that is necessary for the complete understanding of the why and the wherefore is inevitably left out—things happen too fast to be adequately prepared for, and events succeed other events too rapidly to allow time for any adequate appreciation of their significance. The vast roar of anguish which echoes through the book sounds here at times like a shrill falsetto, and because the play never succeeds in casting Dostoevsky's magic spell we watch the contortions of the characters without ever entering fully into their souls.

Even the players, admirable as in certain respects the performances of some of them are, fail, I suspect, to feel that passionate conviction of the desperation of their predicament and the inevitability of their acts which the characters of Dostoevsky habitually feel, and to realize how significant is that fact one need only remember that no writer was ever less detached than Dostoevsky or ever permitted less detachment on the part of his readers. He did not so much create his characters from observation as project them out of himself, creating each in the image of one of the multiform personalities which warred within him, and suffering with each because each was himself. It is just the mark of his peculiar power that he not only shows us his world, tortured almost to madness, but that he actually leads us into it; and yet upon the stage this whole effect is altered. Too much which served in the novel to generate the mood that rendered the characters and their creator emotionally comprehensible, that made their scruples and their passions seem significant, is necessarily omitted; judging them as we must by the light of our own common day their conflicts seem often shadowy and the violent alterations of their temper incomprehensible. Dostoevsky's art is essentially romantic in the sense that it is, both for himself and for his readers, an intimate personal experience, and the present dramatization fails of complete success just because it fails to make the play that. We watch it and we strive to comprehend, but it remains alien and, in the deepest sense, incomprehensible. Both "The Brothers Karamazov" and "Crime and Punishment" are complete wholes which cease to have a really valid existence as soon as they cease to have the form which their creator gave them. They have lost their atmosphere, and in losing that they have lost everything.

"In Abraham's Bosom" (Provincetown Theater) is the first full-length play by the young Southerner Paul Green, whose short pieces have won much praise. It is full of rich material and it is acted by a company, composed for the most part of Negroes, with the wholehearted conviction characteristic of the race. Unfortunately, however, its structure is too uncertain to raise it above the level of highly interesting prentice work. Cast in the form of a biography in seven scenes (at best an unsatisfactory dramatic scheme) it fails to have a continuously cumulative interest; in spite of a fine beginning and a fine end it continually suggests the fact that its author has not fully grasped the outline of his hero's drama as distinguished from the chronological outline of his life. "The Devil in the Cheese" (Charles Hopkins Theater) is a dream fantasia with some amusing moments in spite of the fact that the characterization is amateurish and the logic of the play very nearly as flimsy as the logic of the dream.

Neither "The Nightingale" (Jolson Theater) nor the "Vanities" (Earl Carroll Theater) is quite up to the highest standard of such entertainments. The first, an operetta dealing with the life of Jenny Lind, is thinner both in book and score than the best of the other Shubert offerings in the same genre, and the second is neither so lavish nor so fast as it might be. Several performers formerly of Charlot's Revue add some mild humor, and though this is the third successive year that I have heard Moran and Mack discuss the psychology of the early worm and why black horses eat more than white, their dialogue is still by far the most amusing thing in the performance.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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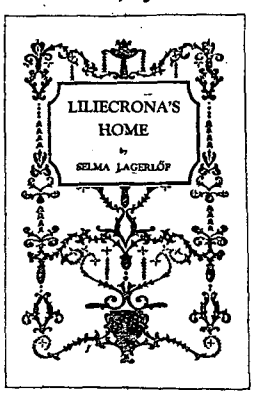

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International Relations Section

The Chinese Revolution

THE interview with General Chiang Kai-shek, commander-in-chief of the Chinese Nationalist army, from which extracts are printed below, was given to Bruno Schwartz and appeared in the Hankow *Herald* for November 23, 1926.

"What are your plans with regard to the form of government China will have after the revolution is completed?" I asked General Chiang.

"The new government will be based entirely upon the policy laid down in 'The Three Peoples Principles' by Dr. Sun Yat-sen," he replied. "It will be a committee form of government along the same lines as exists in Russia today."

"What are your intentions with regard to seeking recognition from the Foreign Powers?" I next asked General Chiang.

"Those who are sympathetic with us will extend us recognition without making demands for privileges in return for extending us recognition," he replied. "Such friendly nations will relinquish all their special privileges and concessions without question, and will recognize us as a friendly Power. Those who still desire to maintain their special privileges and their concessions, and those who are not willing to cooperate with us by denouncing all existing treaties with China as unequal and making new treaties upon a basis of entire equality will be considered by us as unfriendly and we do not care whether they recognize us or not. Existing treaties will come to an end, however, in the immediate future, recognition or no recognition. We want to be friendly with all other nations of the world, but we are out to stamp down imperialism, and no unequal treaties will ever be adhered to by us for the sake of securing recognition from Powers with imperialistic ideas." . . .

"What about your courts of law?" I asked General Chiang. "It is common knowledge to Chinese and foreigners alike that what the present courts dispense is something far from justice, that China has no civil or criminal codes which are worthy of the name, and that so-called justice is in accordance with local custom of each individual village in China; that almost all judges in China live on what they can get out of their jobs (which are usually short lived) and not on their salaries (which are usually not paid); that foreigners in the country would be far from willing to submit to the ruling of this inadequate system, and that their governments would probably be unwilling to make them submit to it as it exists at present."

"We are prepared for that," stated General Chiang in reply. "We have our civil and criminal codes drawn up which we are sure will be satisfactory to all. As the revolution progresses these will be instituted, and they will not only guarantee the foreigner in China justice in accordance with our laws, but will guarantee the Chinese people justice from the foreigner, which is more important. The beating of Chinese with impunity by foreigners and the security of the latter in so doing will be a thing of the past. Foreigners who beat Chinese in future will be punished in accordance with our laws, and such acts will not be looked upon with leniency."

"What do you think of Dr. Wellington Koo's action in abrogating the Sino-Belgian Treaty?"

"Dr. Koo was right," was his prompt reply, "and the abrogation of this treaty is but the first of others to come. No new treaty will be made with Belgium which contains special privileges, and no status quo will be maintained. If Belgium wishes to enter into a new treaty, this government is willing to enter into one with her, but upon an entirely new basis. We will execute no treaties such as were signed by former governments, nor will we continue to adhere to any treaties or agreements which were made with other nations by any government in China previous to that of the Nationalist forces. Nor will we at any time recognize any treaties made now, unless they are over the signature of the Nationalist Government."

"What about extraterritoriality and the foreign concessions?"

"If extraterritoriality continues to exist in China, and if foreign Powers continue to exercise special privileges in this country in the form of administering and owning concessions here under their own laws and outside of the jurisdiction of the Chinese Government, then the present revolution will not be complete until these are entirely abolished. It is just as great a part of the revolutionary movement to abolish extraterritoriality and foreign concessions as it is to stamp out the northern militarists, and this revolution will not come to an end until that has been done."

"Don't you think it would be more satisfactory to all concerned if the relinquishing of special privileges in China were accomplished gradually," I asked, "and that it could be done with mutual satisfaction over a period of years as the Chinese government machinery developed a standard of recognized efficiency?"

"This is not an evolutionary movement," replied General Chiang. "It is revolutionary. There will be no period of years, not one, or two, or three years. We shall have equality, and any treaties which do not give us that equality with other nations of the world will cease to exist as far as we are concerned. There will be no probationary period of waiting from the time the revolution has become a success in so far as our military movement is concerned. There will be no years to wait for the abolition of extraterritoriality and the handing back to China of the concessions. This will be done at once, and foreigners who wish to remain in China are cordially welcome to stay here and be governed by our laws. Nations who wish to trade with us may do so in accordance with our laws. But no one can stay in China and no one can trade in China and still be subject to his own laws alone without reference to the laws of the Chinese Government. The idea of waiting for the abolition of these special and unequal privileges over any period of time does not meet with sympathy on our part, and we shall not submit to any such delay under any circumstances."

"What is your attitude toward the United States and Americans in China?" I asked.

"I like America and Americans," he replied, "and we are glad to have nationals of your country living and trading in China."

"Do you think the form of government in the United States of America would be suitable to future China?"

"No. Your government, in spite of its name as a democratic form of government, tends to be imperialist in nature. Our government, as I have said before, will be founded on 'The Three Peoples Principles.' The fact that you tell me that America is ruled by the people and is therefore a democracy does not make it so. A proper democracy does not hold possessions outside of its own territorial limits, and refuse to the people of those possessions the right to freedom and the right to govern themselves. In so doing we cannot consider America a government which respects the rights of the people, and thus it is imperialist in nature."

"Do you refer to the Philippine Islands?" I asked.

"Exactly so. The United States has no right to maintain its hold upon these islands outside of its territory. They are a separate people and are entitled to the right to govern themselves. . . ."

"What do you think of Christianity and missionaries in China?" I questioned. "Will the Nationalist Government continue to sanction missionary activities in China, or will they be banned?"

"I have no quarrel with Christianity, and missionaries will

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always be welcome as heretofore. The elimination of missions from China is not part of our program, and they may function in this country without interference as always."

"Will the exploitation of China's natural resources be permitted by foreign companies, and will foreign industrial enterprise and factories be permitted, or is it the intention of the Nationalist Government to favor the promotion of native-owned industries?"

"We will not solicit foreign capital for China. It will always be welcome here. If foreign concerns wish to continue their factories in this country, or to open any other form of industrial enterprise, it will be given our hearty support in exactly the same manner as any Chinese enterprise. But it will only be permitted provided it is profitable to the Chinese people who work in these industries. The welfare of the workers comes first in our scheme of things, equally with the welfare of the enterprise itself."

"By giving the laboring masses as much power as your Government is allowing them at present, and stirring them up by means of propaganda which is so ultra-revolutionary in nature, is it not possible that your labor will eventually attain so much control over your movement that it will dominate you completely and possibly impede your movement when it opposes your own plans?"

"This is also extremely unlikely. We have no fear of our laboring classes. We work with them, and teach them and train them. Our system is for the people, not over the people, and if we continue to lead them right and train them right there will be no fear of opposition. . . ."

"Will your revolution be complete," I asked, "when the militarists in China have been downed, when the concessions are returned to Chinese jurisdiction, and when extraterritoriality shall have been abolished in China? In other words, is it the object of this revolution to carry out its plans within the boundaries of China, or is it molded on the principle of Soviet Russia, to extend its propaganda into other countries? Is this revolution in China the beginning of a world movement on your part, or will you be satisfied if you have removed imperialism and militarism from China?"

"This revolution is not the end, but merely the beginning," was the startling reply of General Chiang Kai-shek. "There are other nations in the world today who are burdened under the yoke of imperialism. It is true that this revolution is now taking place in China, but there are other countries where it must take place as well. Such revolutions, the freedom of other oppressed peoples, will have to come about. China is but one country. There are many more in which imperialism must be crushed before the world will be at peace. . . ."

The Sino-Belgian Treaty

THE official statement issued by the Chinese Government in Peking explaining the termination of the Sino-Belgian Treaty of 1865 is printed below.

The Chinese Government have repeatedly sought through diplomatic channels and international conferences to put an end to the unequal clauses contained in China's treaties with the Powers which seriously restrict the free exercise of her legitimate rights in such important matters as customs tariff, jurisdiction over foreign nationals, etc. These provisions create unilateral rights and derogate from China's sovereignty; they impede the development of her international relations and hamper her political and economic life. Consequently, the Chinese Government have, on the one hand, raised the question of revision of China's unequal treaties at Versailles and Washington as well as at the Special Conference on the Chinese Customs Tariff in Peking and, on the other hand, have consistently refrained from concluding new treaties unless they were based on equality, reciprocity, and mutual respect for territorial sovereignty. Treaties on this new basis have been steadily growing in number: they now include those with Austria, Bolivia, Chile, Finland, Germany, Persia, and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

In pursuance of this policy, the Chinese Government are endeavoring to revise the existing treaties which are as a rule terminable by notice after a certain period, so that all unequal and obsolete provisions may be omitted from the new treaties to be negotiated upon the expiration of the specified periods. Accordingly, the Chinese Government proceeded to terminate, after having given six months' notice in advance, the Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation concluded between China and Belgium on November 2, 1865—a treaty which, it may be remarked, belongs to the category of treaties imposed upon China against her free will in the early years of her foreign intercourse and which restricts her sovereign rights.

By Article 46 the said treaty is revisable at the expiration of each ten-year period beginning from the date of exchange of ratifications. The Chinese Government, therefore, communicated to the Belgian Government on April 16, 1926, their desire to terminate the Sino-Belgian Treaty on October 27, 1926, in its present form, and proposed to commence negotiations at the earliest possible date for the conclusion of a new treaty. The Belgian Government disagreed with the Chinese interpretation of the aforesaid Article 46 and expressed its willingness to negotiate the proposed treaty only after the work of the Customs Conference and the Extraterritoriality Commission had been completed.

After lengthy negotiations, however, the two governments agreed to terminate the Treaty of 1865 and adopt in its stead a provisional *modus vivendi;* according reciprocally the most favored-nation treatment to the diplomatic and consular agents, citizens, juridical persons, products, and vessels of each country in the territory of the other and agreeing to conclude a new treaty on the basis of equality and mutual respect for territorial sovereignty. It was also agreed that this *modus vivendi* should continue to be in force until the conclusion and the coming into effect of the new treaty. . . .

Seeing that if the regime of special rights was to be effectively terminated, the new treaty should be brought into existence within a specified time, the Chinese Government suggested that negotiations should be completed within six months from October 27, 1926, and that if upon the expiration of the said period the new treaty was not concluded, each party should be free to reconsider the *modus vivendi.* In proposing a definite period the Chinese Government believed that the Belgian Government would have no objection thereto, as they understood that Belgium was equally solicitous to put the mutual relations on the basis of a new treaty as promptly as possible. Indeed the Chinese Government felt the more confident of its acceptance, inasmuch as they had given an assurance to the Belgian Government that if substantial progress on the new treaty should have been made by the end of six months, it would be a simple matter for arrangement at the proper time to extend the period so as to insure the completion of the new treaty.

To the disappointment of the Chinese Government this proved unacceptable to the Belgian Government, which proposed instead that if, after the expiration of the six-month period, the new treaty was not concluded or could not be put into force, the aforementioned *modus vivendi* was to be extended for another six months upon the request of one of the parties three months in advance, "and so on from six months to six months until the coming into force of the new treaty."

Believing that such an arrangement would merely encourage the indefinite prolongation of the *modus vivendi* rather than hasten the conclusion of a new treaty, the Chinese Government could not see their way to accepting it. But animated by the spirit of conciliation, they made an additional concession by proposing to the effect that on the expiration of the six months' period the *modus vivendi* could be extended by mutual agreement and might be terminated by three months' notice in ad-

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vance. This was designed to prevent a situation which the Belgian Government apprehended might arise but which the Chinese Government believed could not arise if Belgium was as desirous as China to conclude the proposed new treaty, a situation wherein the relations between China and Belgium would be left at the end of six months without a treaty and without the *modus vivendi*. It was hoped that this proffered compromise would meet with a frank acceptance. To their disappointment, however, the Belgian Government in its reply of November 5, 1926, definitely rejected it and, repudiating the results of negotiations thus far attained, proposed to bring the question of the interpretation of Article 46 of the Treaty of 1865 before the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague.

In the same reply the Belgian Government engaged itself to the effect that as soon as the United States of America, Great Britain, France, and Japan should have concluded a new treaty with China in the matter of jurisdiction, Belgian would accept the same dispositions as might be agreed upon between China and any of these Powers. The Chinese Government while taking note of this expression did not feel justified in accepting it in place of a definite period for the conclusion of the proposed new treaty. . . .

Since the point actually in dispute between the two governments is not the question of terminability of the treaty on October 27, on which the Belgian Government had already accepted the Chinese point of view in the more recent stage of the negotiations, but merely that of fixing a definite period for the conclusion of the new treaty, the Chinese Government cannot see the usefulness or necessity of such a course of action. Besides, the basic motive of the Chinese Government in insisting upon having such a period is to be able, in obedience to the unanimous wish of the Chinese people, to free China from the state of inequality to which she is at present subjected by the Treaty of 1865 in her relations with Belgium. It is founded upon China's national aspiration for equality in her intercourse with foreign Powers, and national aspirations are scarcely suitable subjects for adjudication.

Having exhausted all means of arriving at an amicable settlement with the Belgian Government, which by its memorandum of yesterday's date put an end to further negotiations, the Chinese Government had no alternative but to conform to the notice which they had given to Belgium in April last and declare the Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation between Belgium and China of November 2, 1865, as terminated on October 27, 1926. . . .

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM HARD, formerly *The Nation's* Washington correspondent and still a frequent contributor, will speak on Calvin Coolidge at the fifth *Nation* dinner, April 12.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS, professor of Industrial Relations at the University of Chicago, recently visited Haiti.

LOUIS FISCHER is shortly to lecture in the United States.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun*, writes regularly from Washington to *The Nation*. He will speak on Calvin Coolidge at the fifth *Nation* dinner.

CLINCH CALKINS is a member of the department of fine arts at the University of Wisconsin.

J. A. HOBSON, British economist and author of many books, is a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is Dramatic Editor of *The Nation*.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS, author of "Woman's Dilemma," is soon to publish a novel.

ARTHUR WARNER, Associate Editor of *The Nation*, sailed before the mast for several years.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY'S latest book is "From Myth to Reason."

B. H. HAGGIN is contributing a series of articles on musical criticism to *The Nation*.

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